JOHN BULL, AUGUST 1, 1925 Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVIII. No. 1000. SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1925. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

1,000 CASH HOLIDAY PRIZES — see page 35

OUR 1,000th. Number

Mother never forgets it!

The bairns would be so disappointed if there were no "Bermaline"—it is so nice—so good—so satisfying. There is no bread quite like "Bermaline"—its rich wholesome flavour and tempting aroma please young and old alike. Mother likes to "spoil" the bairns and give them always "Bermaline," for she knows it is the best food they can eat. There is nourishment in every crumb—all the family thrive on it. If you haven't tried "Bermaline," start to-day—it is a treat in store!

"Bermaline" Bread

Your baker will deliver fresh "Bermaline" Bread daily. For name of nearest "Bermaline" baker write to Montgomerie & Co., Ltd., Ibrox, Glasgow.

"Bullets" £1 Prize-winners,

(*Continued from page 35*)

T. Brittain, 5, Gresham St., Kingsway, Coventry; Mrs. B. Bull, Red Lion Inn, Depton, Derby; Miss M. Burguet, St. Felix, Southwold, Suffolk; H. M. Cairns, 5, Assembly St., Leith; T. Caldwell, 6, Chapel St., Greenock; P. Caustin, Chicheley, Newport Pagnell, Bucks; A. T. Chadford, 18, Strand, Blaengarw, S. Wales; H. C. Chapman, 488, Oldham Rd., M/c.; H. Chapman, 61, Cambridge St., Preston; T. S. Chapman, 54, Charles St., Hull; Mrs. C. Charles, 45, Argyle Rd., West Ealing, W.; T. Clegg, 5, Oriel Chambers, 14, Water St., L'pool; J. Combes, 2, Philip St., Bath; J. S. Cummins, 67, Eastfield Rd., Andover; T. Darby, 30, Rowley Village, B'ham; D. J. Davies, Dan-y-Graig, Cwmgwrach, Nr. Neath; Miss M. L. Davis, 32, Marina, St. Leonards; P. L. Davy, Kingsholme, Balcombe Rd., Horley; F. Dawson, 20, Thorn Terr., Bradford; C. Dilworth, Steps Lane Top, Sowerby Bridge; Miss S. Dove, High St., Ruskington, Sleaford, Lincs.; W. T. Dunne, Ardmeen, Newtown Park, Blackrock, Co. Dublin; R. J. Ellis, 157, May St., Basingstoke; D. I. Evans, "Aelybryn," Blaengarw, Bridgend; W. J. Fanner, 8, Surrey Rd., Woolston, Southampton; C. E. File, 63, Sheet St., Windsor; R. T. Fordham, 133, St. Helen's Rd., Swansea; G. Gardner, 21, Ordnance Rd., Woolwich Common, S.E.; L. Gilliam, 40, West St., Dorking; J. Glen, 11, Halton Rd., Lancaster; A. Green, 57, Green St., Old Town, Eastbourne; H. Grimsley, Long Crendon, Thame, Oxon.; T. Hamilton, Witchford Vicarage, Ely, Cambs.; H. Harris, Sutton Bonnington, Nr. Loughborough; J. W. Hartley, Yarborough Rd., Little Coates, Grimsby; C. B. Hayne, 19, Hayne Rd., Beckenham; T. H. Hill, 129, Buckland Av., Dover; C. E. Hodges, 24, Oliver Rd., Southsea; Mrs. Hopewell, c/o 26, Beck St., Nottingham; S. H. Hudson, 13, Polecare Lane, Woodley, Nr. Stockport; A. E. Hyett, 18, Oakmead Rd., Balham, S.W.; Miss M. Illingworth, 4, Carlton Terr., Carlton, Pontefract; Mrs. L. James, 42, Highview Av., Grays; A. Jobson, 9, Heath Rd., Crayford, Kent; R. F. Johnson, 4, Abbott Rd., Folkestone; E. W. Kent, 5, Constellation St., Cardiff; A. W. Keyse, The Folly, Ross, Herefordshire; H. Lawton, High St., Uppermill, Oldham; H. Layman, 38, Addison Rd., Hove; M. C. Mash, 10, Muir Field, Old Oak Lane, East Acton, W.; A. W. Maskell, 26, Queen's Terr., Woolwich Common, S.E.; A. E. Mason, Walsall Rd., Gt. Wyrley, Walsall; M. McCluskey, Coote Hill, Co. Cavan, Ireland; D. McCormack, "Ivy Den," Bridgend, Perth; R. McNaughton, 97, Preston Rd., Longridge, Preston; W. Millett, 32, Denebank Rd., Anfield, L'pool; Mrs. H. Morris, 81, Bury Old Rd., Bolton; A. W. Nobbs, Loudon House, Brampton, Huntingdon; A. D. Noble, 10, Wykeham St., Scarborough; C. Owen, H.M.S. "Fistard," Portsmouth; E. Partridge, 1 Leon Pl., Godwin St., Ashted, B'ham.; R. H. Pearson, Lothian House, Duns, Berwickshire; W. G. Pitt, 20, Roshven Av., Roshven Rd., Sparkbrook, B'ham.; Mrs. Rayburn, 26, Bentinck St., Ashton-under-Lyne; J. Reid, c/o 251, Sauchiehall St., Glasgow; H. J. Rice, P.O. Llanwrthol, Rhayader; L. Richman, 14, Halsbury Rd., L'pool; M. E. Saunderson, 93, Hartington St., Moss Side, M/c.; G. H. Scott, 40, Tunnard St., Boston; H. Spain, 25, Horatio St., Sunderland; F. M. Squires, 620, New Hall Lane, Preston; A. Sturley, 55, Dewsland St., Milford Haven; W. S. Trigg, Taff's Well, Nr. Cardiff; Miss H. Waite, "The Falls," Hith Park, Ryde, I.O.W.; J. Walker, Greyhound, Inn Rd., Pinxton, Nottingham; R. P. Wallis, 25, Perry St., Stapleton Rd., Bristol; J. B. Watson, Upham, Southampton; J. L. Watson, 20, St. Georges Av., Forest Gate, E.; G. Wells, Sub-Postmaster, Tunstall, Carnforth, Lancs.; M. A. Whichelow, 62, Newton Av., Acton, W.; W. S. Whitfield, 39, West Stockwell St., Colchester; Mrs. M. Williams, 6, Wall Lane Terr., Cheddleton, Nr. Leek; Master R. Williams, Poor Law Institution, Valley, Anglesey; C. Wilmot, 61, Florence Rd., New Cross, S.E.; J. Witts, 29, Hopkins St., Weston-super-Mare; H. Wyatt, 11, Cressfield Rd., Huddersfield; L. Yates, 60, Towngate, Newsome; J. C. Young, 125, Durham St., Newcastle.

List of Five-shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 568 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 572.

FOR BRITAIN—HER FIRST THOUGHT—HOLIDAY PRICES—IF WE'RE ALIVE—FATHER'S BUSINESS—ON AND OFF—WHAT THE BATHER SAID—AN EXTRA—SEASIDE PIERROT—FLIRTING—WAKING UP—IN A STORM—LONELY—NEARLY FORGOTTEN—SELDOM MENTIONED—WITH A BUMP—LAZY HUSBAND—WHAT SHE DIDN'T SAY—WITHOUT WORK—WHAT IS LUCK?

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 34, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, AUGUST 29.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **572** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **572**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **571.**

STORM FIEND'S TERRIBLE HAVOC!

JOHN BULL THE ONLY PAPER THAT PAYS STORM & FLOOD BENEFITS

THE storm which lashed England with its fury last week did terrible damage. Storms invariably bring in their train a flood of applications for benefits under JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift. Remember that in great emergencies, whether it be FLOODS, STORMS, LIGHTNING, Fire, Sickness or Accident, JOHN BULL'S Free Insurance Gift covers you free. Register now.

CUT HERE.

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

Reader's Name..... Age....
in full (CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date.....

J.B. 1/8/25.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

CUT HERE.

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

Cash the Coupons—John Bull's Wonderful Offer

See What You Get!

(1) The 5/- "John Bull" Lever Self-Filling Pen, fitted with safety cap and 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped—beautifully chased—admittedly worth 10/6.

(2) FREE, a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil of classic design, complete with refills.

PRICE 5/-

WITH SIX COUPONS .. 4/-

Send us your name and address and attach the coupons to your letter.

IMPORTANT.

This great offer has proved so wonderfully popular that we have decided to extend it and make ALL Coupons (any date) available until Sept. 30.

Our "Cash the Coupons" offer is a tremendous success! The chance of a lifetime to own the famous "John Bull" 5/- Pen, pocket a shilling, and receive a 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil FREE! Remember, ONLY A LIMITED SERIES OF COUPONS WILL BE ISSUED

(A 17) **JOHN BULL**

PEN COUPON—VALUE 2d.

This Coupon will be accepted as 2d. in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Lever Self-Filling Pen with which is presented FREE a 2/6 Everpointed Pencil. Additional Coupons in any number up to five (six in all), ANY DATES, may be cut from "John Bull," and will be accepted in part payment. Thus you may send six Coupons and P.O. for 4/3 (which includes postage and insurance), Pocket Clip, 6d. extra. Cheque/p.o. "& Co." and make payable to "John Bull." Note if fine—medium—broad nib required.

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Made through-out in our own Manufactory quality fully guaranteed.

GRAVES
'FIFTY'
50 PIECES, 50 SHILLINGS.

1 pr Double Shear Steel Carvers, Ivorette handles, 6 Stainless Steel Table Knives and 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives, Ivory grained handles, 2 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Egg Spoons, 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks, 1 Sugar Spoon, 1 pr Sugar Tongs, 1 Jam Spoon, 1 Salt Spoon, all warranted to wear white throughout. Terms: 5/- now, 5/- monthly. Money back if all not satisfactory.

5/- NOW

Catalogue Post Free
J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

3d A DAY RIDE AS YOU PAY

ALL BRITISH MADE in our own Factory. 7/6 brings the machine to your door; the rest of the price is paid off in easy monthly instalments.

14 DAYS' FREE APPROVAL. Packed Free and Carriage Paid.

Test it; then if you are fully satisfied, return the machine to us at our expense, and we will immediately refund your deposit. Send NOW for beautiful FREE CATALOGUE showing the various models.

THE SILENT MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. 615), 216, Bunhury St., E.C.1

Junocar FOR 2/6 DOWN.

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER! BRITAIN'S BEST BABY CAR.

From 1/3 Weekly.

For a deposit of 2/6 only you can have on 14 days' approval a Magnificent British-Made JUNO, sent packed free & Carriage Paid. Fully guaranteed. Deposit returned if dissatisfied.

SEND A POSTCARD TO-DAY FOR COLOURED ART FOLDER FREE!

JUNO BABY CAR COMPANY
(Dept. 193) 168 & 202, BISHOPSGATE, LONDON, E.C.2

The last word in toffee SHARP'S Super-Kreem 6d. per ¼lb

Corns gone after three foot baths

Tinkering about with so-called corn solvents and plasters is useless. At the most you get relief for a matter of days only. Much better give your feet a Radox foot bath and get the corn right out, root and all. If the first bath does not do this, the second or third bath will do it. Read this letter proving what we say:

"I was always complaining of my feet and my corns. I have tried everything you may mention, and they did not do any good to them, so at last I tried Radox Bath Salts. I have only used them three times, and my corns are gone, and I can walk with comfort. I shall certainly highly recommend Radox Bath Salts to all I know who are suffering with their feet.

18th May, 1925. V.M.F."

When you put your feet into a foot bath containing Radox, the salts soften the hard outer-layers of the corn, and the oxygen which Radox liberates enters the pores, opens them and penetrates further and further, carrying the corn-softening salts right to the root of the corn, which is thus loosened so that it may be lifted out bodily. The life-giving oxygen leaves the feet clean and healthy. Since it is the oxygen which carries the corn-solvents to the root of the corn, and since Radox liberates, by test, more oxygen than any other salts on the market, it is clear that Radox is more efficient in removing corns than any other salts.

Ask for Radox at your chemist's. Price 1/6 per ½ lb. Pink Packet. 2/6 double quantity.

1/6 *Half Pound Pink Packet*

Radox Bath Salts

GIVE YOUR FEET THAT "KRUSCHEN FEELING."

Shoes last longer

Three times longer in fact, when fitted with these thin light rubber soles. So comfortable, yet so durable, and they don't show. *Attached with Phillips Solution only.*

Stuck like a stamp.

PHILLIPS PRESIDENT STICK-A-SOLES

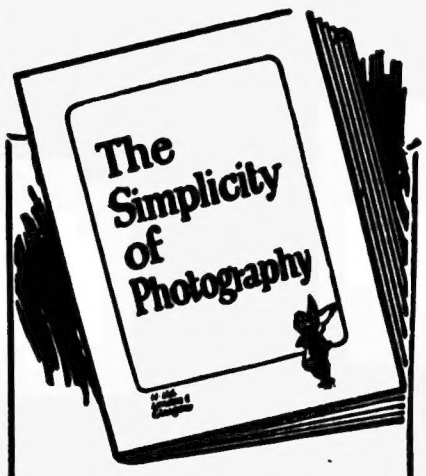
Men's ... 3/6 pair
Ladies' ... 2/6 ,,
Including PHILLIPS SOLUTION. From all Bootmen. Fixing extra.

"Keep fit on Cocoa"

BOURNVILLE

WRITE
CADBURY, BOURNVILLE,
ABOUT
GIFT SCHEME

SEE THE NAME "Cadbury" ON EVERY PIECE OF CHOCOLATE



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This is a charming, useful, and interesting little book, full of happy pictures. You can get a copy free, also a Leaflet showing

How to win £250 cash

in the 1925 Ensign-Speedy Roll Film Competition (£750 in Prizes) Simply send your name and address on a postcard to Houghtons Ltd., Dept. D. . . . 88-89, High Holborn, London, W.C.1, and receive the book and leaflet by return.

ENSIGN-SPEEDY ROLL FILM

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LARGEST MODERN MAIL ORDER HOUSE

GREAT BRITAIN'S PREMIER BARGAIN HOUSE

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TWO BALES OF HIGH-CLASS BEDDING FOR THE PRICE OF ONE

The Last of our WINTER STOCK

950 only left of our WONDERFUL BALES OF BEDDING, regularly advertised at 50/- each, will be cleared DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS AT THE ASTOUNDING PRICE OF ONLY 50/- FOR TWO BALES, thus making this the MOST WONDERFUL BEDDING BARGAIN IN THE WORLD. SEIZE THIS EXCEPTIONAL OPPORTUNITY WHILST YOU HAVE THE CHANCE and provide yourselves with this large quantity of bedding at this extraordinary Summer clearing price.

Each Bargain Bale contains all the following First-Class Goods for Double Beds :

One Pair of Splendid Universal Blankets, pretty blue borders and strongly whipped edges.

One Pair of Heavy Unbleached Sheets, pure quality and very strong.

One Beautiful Alhambra Quilt, in newest colourings and designs.

One Pair of Frilled Pillow Cases, fine longcloth with enclosed buttons.

One Best Quality Bolster Case, pure longcloth.

One Pair of Splendid Universal Blankets, pretty blue borders and strongly whipped edges.

One Pair of Pure White Twill Sheets, hemmed edges, splendid quality.

One Very Pretty Art Counterpane, lovely floral pattern in attractive shades.

One Pair of Fine Longcloth Pillow Cases, concealed buttons, strongly made.

One Best Quality Bolster Case, pure longcloth.

All Articles for Double Beds and BOTH BALES of above valuable goods sent to each customer on our Satisfaction or Money Back principle for only 50/-. The most wonderful bargain offered to the public. Now is the time to renew your bedding at this sacrificing price. Send at once. Goods sent well packed. Safe delivery guaranteed.

A USEFUL PRESENT INCLUDED WITH ALL GOODS FOR FULL CASH WITH ORDER.

You will need these goods a little later on.

Take advantage of our SUMMER SALE NOW and save Pounds.

SINGLE BALES WILL BE SUPPLIED AT 30/- EACH DURING THIS WEEK ONLY.

Customers unable to send cash with order can secure these goods by sending a deposit. The balance can then be paid as soon as convenient, when goods will be sent.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES, LTD. Devonshire Street, ARDWICK, (Branch J.B. 10) MANCHESTER.

(ESTABLISHED A QUARTER OF A CENTURY.)

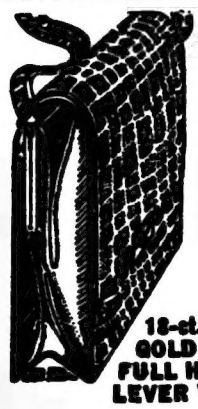
Send for our Money-Saving Catalogue, which contains Hundreds of Household Bargains. A Magnificent Assortment of Goods from 5/- to £5.

THE UNIVERSAL STORES

SIMPSONS UNPRECEDENTED OFFER

TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

ANY ARTICLE HERE SENT for 6d. Deposit



REAL LEATHER HANDBAG

Very fashionable highly polished Real Leather stamped Crocodile Handbag, complete with Mirror, scent bottle and writing tablet with pencil, latest West End design. Just the thing for the holidays. Can be carried with any coloured dress. Finest quality and workmanship throughout.

Sent for 6d. deposit only, 2/6 on receipt, and 2/- per month until 21/- only is paid. Irish and Colonial orders cash only.

SOLID GOLD FILLED LADY'S WRIST WATCH

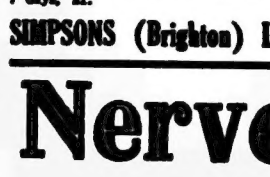
Choice designed case, 9ct. Hallmarked. First quality movement, carefully tested. Perfect timekeeper, fully guaranteed for 5 years. We send this lovely Wrist Watch upon receipt of 6d. After receipt send 2/-, and the balance may then be paid by 7 monthly instalments of 2/- each until 25/- only is paid. Cash with order price (or balance within 7 days), 23/6. Cash returned in full if not satisfied.

18-ct. GOLD CASED FULL HUNTER LEVER WATCH

(as illustrated), fitted highest quality lever movement. Finest springs and materials throughout. All latest improvements (5 gold medals), clear white dial, pen steel hands, bevelled crystal glass. An accurate timekeeper, made to stand hard wear. Fully warranted 5 years. Sent upon receipt of 6d. only. After receiving watch, if satisfied, the balance is payable 2/- on receipt and 4/- monthly until only 27/6 is paid. Cash with order price (or balance within 7 days) 25/- only. Cash returned willingly if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

SOLID GOLD POONA GEM RINGS.

Let us send you one of these lovely Solid Gold Rings set with brilliant Poona Gems, indistinguishable in cutting, fire and lustre from genuine African Diamonds. Three latest designs to choose from. Simply send 6d. deposit and we will send your ring in a handsome velvet-lined presentation case by return. If quite satisfied, balance payable 2/- on receipt and 2/- monthly until 21/- only is paid. Cash with order £1 only.



LATEST STANDARD MODEL GENERAL RADIO PHONES

Super-sensitive and highly efficient. Beautifully comfortable, highly finished, weight 7 ounces. Fully guaranteed. Sent on receipt of 6d. deposit, 2/6 on receipt, balance 2/- monthly until only £1/- is paid. Price full cash with order or within 7 days, £1.

OUR UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send any of the above articles upon receipt of 6d. deposit. You send small sum on receipt, and monthly instalments according to the article chosen. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and article is returned within 7 days.

SIMPSONS (Brighton) Ltd. (DEPT. 1500), 94, Queen's Road, BRIGHTON, SUSSEX

Nerve Weakness

Remarkable case of young lady who was completely restored to health by Cassell's Tablets after very serious nervous illness.

Miss WINGRAVE.

Testimony from Miss Queenie Wingrave.

Miss Queenie Wingrave, of 22, St. Martin's Road, Lower Edmonton, London, N., says :—

"About three years ago I had a wound on my foot, which festered, causing septic poisoning, which spread through my system. The result was that I lost the power of my limbs. Before long I was not able to walk, and even when sitting was liable to fall from my chair. I had treatment, but there was little improvement. Sometimes I could hobble about with the aid of a stick, but I should have collapsed without it. My friends thought I was incurable, but my mother got me some Cassell's Tablets to try, and the way in which they helped me was wonderful. I was soon able to get about again—first with my stick, and then without it, and now I am ever so well."

TAKE TWO AT BED-TIME and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuritis, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Neurasthenia, Nerve Pains, Headache, Anæmia, Palpitation, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Home Price, 1/3 Family Size, 3/-. Sold by Chemists and Store throughout the Empire.

SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

ONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers beginners.—Bell manufacturers' clearing and travellers' samples in General Drapery below ordinary price. Big profit certain. lesale Catalogue free. — Wolfson's Ware-e, 48, Thomas Street, Manchester.

HEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners rapery, hosiery, boots, clothing, etc. Send ree cat.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, E.1.

EMNANT TRADE. Make money selling s, Hosiery, Prints, Towels, Travellers' Sam-Clearing lines. Real bargains. Shops plied. 20/- parcels, upwards. Send for trated Catalogue free.—Cochrane's Whole-Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

RAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (whole-only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), High Street, Manchester.

OPKEEPERS and Beginners requiring cheap in Hosiery, Underwear, Blouses, Jumpers, ils, Shirts, Collars, Ties, etc., write for trated Cat. to S. Mosco, Dept. J.B., 8, r Street, Piccadilly, Manchester.

AGENTS WANTED.

FREEMAN'S " Spare-Time Agency.—See advert. on page 31.

ENTS. World's Greatest Choc. and Cig. Club. est cash comm. Everything to start free.— Bros., Ltd., Dept. 50, 91, York St., Leeds.

MAS Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy Clubs. ts wanted for largest Club Merchants in and. Wonderful terms. Est. 25 yrs.—Den-and Co., Dept. O., Colne, Lancashire.

MAS CHOCOLATE CLUBS. Spare-time nts wanted. Good remuneration. No outlay. makes only supplied. Pars. free.—Samuel er, South Market, Hunslet Lane, Leeds.

HOCOLATE and Cigarette Clubs. Agents ted. Generous terms. Best makes.—W. Gar-, 29a, Stockley Street, Northampton.

XCLUSIVE distributors wanted for new vellous Pocket Cigar Lighter. Sells on ent's demonstration. Big repeat business. llent opportunity for responsible party. e for particulars and selling plans. Enclose shilling stamps for sample.—Masterlite Co., East 23rd St., New York, United States.

ONEY IN HARD CASH YOURS CERTAIN selling the celebrated "Castle" Private stmas Cards. Whole or spare-time agents ted, both sexes. No outlay, no risk. Magnifi-free sample book and prizes for agents.— e for particulars to-day and let us prove Castle Publishing Co., 103, Anchor Court, ton.

MA3 Chocolate, Cigarette and Toy CLUBS. nts wanted. Best terms in the trade. commission. Fine present to all agents. outlay.—Hope (Colne), Ltd., Dept. 125, e, Lancashire.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

LL MEN WHO ARE DISCONTENTED TH THEIR PRESENT JOB and want a r one at a higher salary can learn how et one by reading an interesting Free , "The Profession of Salesmanship," h describes what is probably the finest ning Course in Salesmanship ever prepared. e for this fascinating book to-day.—The ace Attwood College, 267, Bedford Row, don, W.C.1.

NITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece tting Machines at home; guaranteed wage output; experience not necessary. Send 1d. mp for prospectus.—S. B. M. Co., Dept. 91, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

HE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Acetylene ders, Carpenters for training as Carpenter ers, Cooks and Butchers, Fitters for training Fitters Aero Engines, Hospital Orderlies, tographers, Tinsmiths and Sheet Metal kers and Wireless Operators. Age limits, 18 30. Also young men of superior education ween the ages of 18 and 21 for training as eless Operators, Carpenters, and Amateur tographers for training as Photographers. from 21/- to 28/6 per week on enlistment all found. Allowance for wife and children men of 26 and over. Write, stating age, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depots, 4, Henrietta et, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2, 41, rch Street, Birmingham, or 105, New Bridge et, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

NITTERS wanted to work Imperial Knitting hines at home. Good wages guar. Exp. un-Easy terms arrngd. Stmp for Pros., Dept. Imperial Hosiery Co., 97, Gray's Inn Rd., C.

GENTS for London's largest and oldest est. s Choc. and Cig. Club, earn £5 to £30 in e time. Also £157 in prizes; no outlay.— partics. free, Popular Co. (Dept. J.B.), 73, d Street, W.C.1.

SINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

O YOU ADVERTISE? Your advertisement erted in 86 Provincial or London and Subur-Newspapers, 7/10; 28 country, 2/6. Cover-Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free. Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 100, Strand, don.

TART a Business in Drapery, etc., from £1 ards. Special attention to Widows and Be-ners. Write for advice and list H.—Levaine pt. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, E.1.

UILD up a Mail Order Business without ing stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities, rite Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

F YOU SELL MAIL ORDER and your lines al to the "Million" describe them in classified columns. One regular *JOHN LL* want-ad. user writes: "I would be y to manage a *mail order business* without Rate 8/- per line (about six words); imum charge 24/-.—For further proof of pulling power of *JOHN BULL* Want Ads., n sending an ad., address Small Advertise-Manager, *JOHN BULL*, 57-9, Long e, London, W.C.2.

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VISITING-BUSINESS Cards. Gold-edged Ivory, 25 1/-, 50 1/7, 100 2/6. Comics. Invoices.—Tetley, 36, Cliffe Rd., Bradford, Yorks.

BARGAIN SALES.

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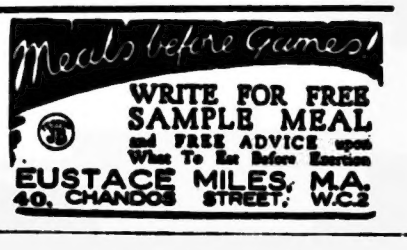
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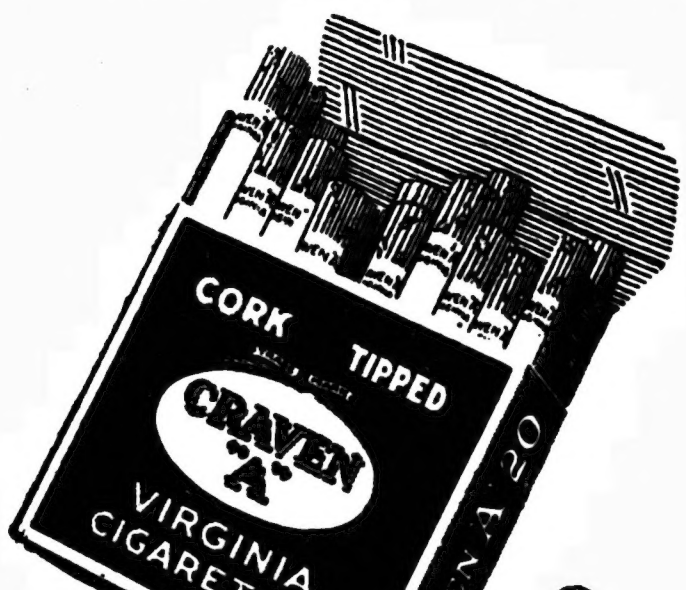

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"On To The Million!" page 17

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *& the* DEVIL

Prince for Ireland?

Buckingham Palace and Downing Street are ietly turning over a suggestion that Mr. T. M. aly be followed as Governor-General of the sh Free State by the Duke of York. Done the right time such an appointment would be lcomed in Ireland and mark once for all that gones are bygones.

e Nearest Dominion.

The Duke of York would gladly associate him- f with the newest and nearest Dominion. It Downing Street rather than the Palace that kes its head.

ust the Nation.

In two big things now facing them the Govern- nt can count on ample backing if they show ckbone. "Big business" as well as taxpayers behind them in the fight for economy, and ry class and trade resent the idea of a coal ppage.

t!

The rumpus over the cruisers is a fulfilment our prophecy that unrest would make itself in the Government. Little has been allowed escape, but the trouble is constant. Some , and not very long hence, there'll be a blaze.

val Manœuvres.

There was never real danger of Cabinet resigna- ns over the cruiser question. The naval njandrums adopted the device of asking for re than they expected to get. We predicted a pplementary estimate last week.

ries in Revolt.

Cabinet reconstruction must come. The dis- ected Tory M.P.s now form a solid phalanx of . At present their protests—chiefly regarding andermania—are confined to the lobbies, they won't be for long.

tch Robert.

When the Tory split widens keep an eye on Robert Horne. In a quiet way he is playing role which was filled by Bonar Law before Coalition's downfall.

lian Unrest.

Sir Laming Worthington-Evans is planning to it military centres in India in the autumn. announcement will soon be made, coupled h an assurance that the War Secretary's it is "unofficial."

Real War.

Neither the British nor French public has rd the truth about Morocco. What was ught to be a minor shindy is a real war. So the French coloured troops have proved no tch for the Riffs.

Statesmanship Wanted.

The Court of Inquiry on the coal crisis started at once to cut the knots of the tangle and got masters and men together. Under their searching examination the owners' spokesmen made a pitiable exhibition of narrow views.

Just a Flutter.

Many coal-owners actually planned to make big money by selling at famine prices in the event of a stoppage. They produced for stock this month so vigorously as to bring down the registered unemployment in one week by over 50,000.

Lest We Forget.

Into whatever straits the coal dispute may lead the country, sympathy for the miner must not be left out of the public conscience. Too often his conditions of life are horrible, and, in a country still wealthy, and with hundreds of thousands of acres of idle land, unjustified.

No Roses There.

Rosehall is an unsavoury example of how miners are expected to live. Whole families live in single rooms with no pantry. Coal must be kept under the bed, while water serving a number of houses is got from a pipe outside. Well in view in the yards are filthy huts for sanitary purposes. Readers can supply their own comments.

Alliance on Paper.

The constitution of the big trade union alliance is now on paper, but involves such a multitude of unions that it cannot get beyond the paper stage before next year. Meanwhile the Trades Union Congress General Council declares itself behind any union that is attacked.

Our View.

We ourselves never judged it likely the alliance would come off. The Labour Party, which denounces entangling alliances for purposes of war, and fights capitalistic combines, can hardly be surprised.

Bankrupt of Ideas.

The published correspondence with the Dominion Governments over the Geneva Protocol is not encouraging. There is plenty of criticism of the action of the League of Nations, but not one single suggestion as to how the world's peace can be preserved. It is this bankruptcy of true statesmanship which is hastening on the next war.

Storms! Floods!
"JOHN BULL" is the ONLY Paper that Pays Benefits.
See page 2.

MacDonald's Mistake.

It is unwise of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald to keep harping back to the capital levy as a remedy for our industrial ills. It would in all certainty aggravate unemployment and prevent expansion of trade.

Thrift Encouraged.

Corporation tenants in Wolverhampton are to be allowed to buy their homes at easy payments extending over twenty years. A stable population means citizens concerned with the well-being of the town where they live. Wolverhampton Council knows its job.

Palin Palavers.

A 5 per cent. reduction in wages is upsetting a quarter of a million workers in the Bradford wool trade. Why didn't the employers respond to Palin's first efforts to bring the parties together? Palin is one of the saner Labour M.P.s, and as a local man knows the ropes.

A Hint.

Any country showing superiority of manufactures is secure of custom. If outworn machinery was scrapped and up-to-date methods followed, trade at home and abroad might hum. It's a task for vision and enterprise.

New Ideals Needed.

Even the most optimistic must see signs of a new generation afraid of work. It's an aftermath of war. Given patience and wise guidance the phase will pass. The young have grit enough.

There's a Reason.

But why are they said to be avoiding British mills as a means of livelihood. If it's snobbery, present-day schooling must be faulty. If conditions are wrong they must be altered.

No Need for Gloom.

Lancashire still holds premier place as the manufacturing centre of the world. Ninety per cent. of her products are exported within the Empire, but new fields lie fallow in Africa and Asia. What's needed is a national advertising campaign.

Our Hint Taken.

It is proposed to initiate legislation enabling local authorities to take action against coal merchants who sell an undue quantity of slack and slate with their coal. It is what we have always urged, and we welcome this attempt to stop a particularly mean form of profiteering.

Princely Anonymity.

£100,000 handed by an unknown donor to the pensions fund for Wesleyan ministers is a startling commentary on our own pleas for such men. Cost of living is doubled. Stipends remain fixed. Two wrongs do not make a right, and the Church should be the first to acknowledge it.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Holidays for All.

Annual holidays for all workers with full pay! It sounds like a beautiful dream, but the French Minister of Labour is pressing forward a Bill for this purpose which has every prospect of success. It is these little things that count in the relations of Capital and Labour, and our employers might very well take a leaf out of the Continental book.

Trading on Cancer.

One of Manchester's many plausible swindlers has had his career suspended for six months. We refer to Robert Thompson, the bogus "Lancashire and Cheshire Cancer Research Fund" collector, who has been fleecing the generous in many Northern districts. Hard labour over a long term is the best tonic to administer to such pests.

Housing Indecencies.

At an inquest on the body of Charles Gilks, a Nuneaton bricklayer, it was stated that the deceased had lodged in a cottage where nine other persons occupied the only downstairs room. Actually, the whole family had taken their meals in the presence of the dead body. Elsewhere, housing shortage is breeding horrors which are almost unprintable. No wonder some people argue that civilisation is decaying before our eyes.

Bonnie Dundee.

When a mother who had lost a son in the Great War wrote and asked us to protest against the proposal to use Austrian oak in a Dundee war memorial, we willingly gave publicity to her protest. Now she writes to thank us, and to inform us that an official assurance has been given that the order for Austrian oak will be cancelled and British oak substituted. We are glad to have been of help in this matter of deep sentimental concern and to have obtained consolation for one who "wrote to JOHN BULL about it."

Wonderful Rescue.

Thrilling scenes were witnessed on Hastings front when five young shop-girls, bathing after business hours, and a man were caught in difficulties by a choppy sea. Jack Plummer launched the lifeboat, but not before Detective-inspector Milton had rushed into the sea fully clothed and brought to shore one girl at the point of exhaustion. Then he rushed back to help with others—commendable promptitude in a situation where the slightest delay spelt tragedy.

An Awful Doubt.

A ship's fireman named John Cronan, sentenced to death at the Old Bailey last week by Mr. Justice Swift for the murder of a woman, exclaimed, "Thank you, sir. I am very glad you have sentenced an innocent man to death." There were disquieting features in the case, and the sentence on Cronan should be reviewed by the Home Secretary with extreme care. One of the greatest arguments against hanging is that it leaves no room to repair the possible blunders of the law.

Assault in Asylum.

Daniel Oliver Jackson, formerly an attendant at a mental hospital in Stoke Newington, was fined 40s., with two guineas costs, for a violent and unprovoked assault upon a patient. We have no hesitation in saying that this penalty was far too lenient, having regard to the injuries inflicted. It is time that magistrates made it clear to all who have the care of lunatics that mental illness does not rob a British citizen to the right of protection at the hands of the law.

Men who Weren't.

When Mrs. Tuke, a resident of Hyde Park Terrace, heard unusual noises upstairs she proceeded to investigate, and found two thieves busily removing valuables. Rushing to the door she told several men there were burglars in her house, but they took no notice. When the miscreants climbed the roof of a garage, William Edwards, a chauffeur, of Chester Mews, not only challenged them, but gave chase, finally landing one man into the arms of a policeman. Edwards showed a true man's grit. The cowardice of those to whom Mrs. Tuke appealed in vain is unbelievable.

Just a Pony.

Here's a health to Inspector Bennett, R.S.P.C.A., Mr. Wacher (a veterinary surgeon) and the gallant band of twenty men who toiled for two days and nights to save a pony that had fallen into an old smugglers' pit near Charing, Kent. So foul was the air that each gang was hauled back choking after every fifteen minutes' spell. But they persevered and saved the pony.

When the Sleeper Wakes.

Courage in the wee sma' hours is the trait of Mr. William Wright, of Huddersfield, to which his relatives owe their lives. Awakened by choking smoke, his first thought was to carry his invalid mother to safety. Back into the burning house he returned to save his two children. Then, instead of resting, he ran in his bare feet over a mile to call the fire brigade. "Safety of others first" is the motto of this plucky Yorkshireman.

Presence of Mind.

A word of praise for William Jones, of Bermondsey, who when his lorry load of hay was set ablaze by a spark, instead of jumping down in panic, drove it at top speed from North Weald into open country before he deserted it. Two tons was his load, and when it is remembered that nearly all the houses in North Weald are built of wood it can be realised what lack of courage might have involved. Well done, Jones.

Not a Gentle Man.

James Wistanley, of Overlea, Whaley Bridge, must have a heart of stone. When he caught a poor lad paddling in water he considered sacred to his fish, he beat the youngster brutally. Two black eyes, a damaged ear drum, and a bruised mouth were amongst the injuries he inflicted, reducing the lad to a state of collapse. The Chapel-en-le-Frith magistrates allowed him to go with a money payment—which was no punishment for one of independent means.

The Human Machine

Men and Women

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

IN all the cases I have hitherto dealt with there is no need to trouble about sex differences. What I have said applies equally to men and women.

Just what constitutes the essential mental difference between men and women is an interesting question. Why do men fill business posts better than women? Why do men shoulder responsibility better than women?

Men and women differ, I believe, in one all-important aspect of their mentality—a difference that goes a long way towards explaining that enigma we call "woman." To a woman's mind nothing is unimportant. She cannot differentiate between what matters and what does not matter, because to her everything matters. She lives in a world of magnified detail, each detail of equal importance, each requiring full energy and concentration.

FURTHER, the average woman sees everything from a personal standpoint. She cannot look at anything coldly and impersonally.

A man sees a group of circumstances, decides that this matters, that the other is of no account, and acts with speed and decision.

Not so a woman. Every circumstance weighs equally, everything is detailed and particular—and she wades painfully, though terribly conscientiously, through one obstacle after another.

These seem to me the big mental differences between men and women, and the implications are tremendous. At any rate, this will, I hope, help men to understand women, and women to understand themselves!

Another Love Thief.

We thoroughly endorse the sentence of fifteen months' hard labour passed on a love thief, Harry Atkinson, at Leeds. He stole first the money and then the love of Miss Annie Mary Davies, to whom he became engaged. She has lost £100, but she has escaped being tied up to a plausible lying rogue.

The Stuff to Give Them.

If anything can teach motor-drivers sense and caution it will be the award by a King's Bench jury of £12,000 damages to the widow of a doctor killed through the negligence of two drivers. The jury were told that the proper measure of damages was the prospective loss suffered by the widow, having regard to the normal duration of life. No juster criterion could be devised.

Robbing the Widow.

Heartless and mean was the fraud of Archibald Carley on the Glasgow widow who trusted him and was sadly betrayed. He won her heart though he had a wife of his own, and stole her savings, too. Rogues of his type ought to come before judges of sterner stuff than Sheriff Robertson, who considered a three weeks' sentence sufficient punishment for such a crime.

Good Samarit ns.

A young woman of Barnsley took the wrong turning, and when she needed a hand to save her she was deserted, even by her own parents. Prison loomed, and the stain of the cell might have spoiled her life, but for the goodness of the mayoress of Barnsley (Mrs. Wood) and the rector (the Rev. H. E. Hone) who rescued her. Now she has been given the chance which may mean for her a new life and a welcome at the Gate for them.

Hands across the Grave.

At long last Dublin is to have a cenotaph and memorial park in honour of the gallant sons of Erin who sleep in the foreign soil where they fell in defence of the ideals of the British Commonwealth of free peoples. When, in controversy between Irish and English, tempers are frayed, may the memory of our dead who fought shoulder to shoulder in the War silence bitter tongues and bring peace to the hearts of the living. Let us forget hate.

Potterne Scholars.

In a recent issue we quoted (under the heading of "Forced Patriotism") the statement of Mr. Rueben George at a meeting of the Wilts Education Committee, who alleged that children of Potterne were punished by the local schoolmaster for failing to attend Empire Day celebrations. Since then Mr. Rueben George has written to the local Press, withdrawing the statement, which was based on incorrect information. In these circumstances, we now have pleasure in giving the same publicity to this withdrawal as to the original allegation.

A Preposterous Fine.

A brute named Edward Tebbs, a milk retailer of Leicester, was charged last week for cruelty to a mare at Braunstone. He beat the horse on the head for five minutes, causing the poor animal to tremble and froth at the mouth, and the cruelty of his treatment was so severe that one of the witnesses against him said that if Tebbs came from "my part of the country" he would have been lynched. The Leicester County magistrates fined this cruel milkman 10s. It is such as these who encourage animal-torturers in their brutal work.

Done to Death.

Painful in the extreme was the enquiry conducted by the Chelsea coroner into the death of Germaine Bizzieto, a nineteen-year-old girl who died in Westminster Infirmary after leading what is quaintly known as a "gay" life in the West End of London. There were medical signs that the girl's death had been caused by an illegal operation. The difficulties confronting Scotland Yard in dealing with this crime are no doubt considerable; but we are not quite sure that the police are showing all the energy and determination which the situation requires.

n and Bane.

t is announced that Dr. A. J. Copeland has covered a new anæsthetic which will serve as a stitute for cocaine. Apart from the surgical ue of the new drug, it is important to know ther or not it has toxic properties. If so, it ht at once to be brought within the scope he Dangerous Drugs Acts for the protection those who have by drastic treatment been ned from the cocaine habit. There are enough ds to hell already without adding to them.

Fathful Pal.

roken down in health, Edward Haworth, a -heaver, had done no work for five years, and pal during those days of suffering had been faithful dog. "I would rather do away with elf than with my dog," Haworth told the mingham court when he was summoned for having taken out a licence. He had no need part with his pal, seeing that the clerk paid a licence out of his own pocket. A kindly act

r Jack.

he angel that sits up aloft to watch over Poor k evidently is not housed in a Whitehall attic. Lords of the Admiralty have turned down er-deck requests for better pay and port welfare mittees with the statement that when they e given a final decision, the request "must not epeated." This is reminiscent of the "On the e, you dog" attitude. My Lords are reminded the public have the power and the will to kick Jack Boots in office.

t Sister Found.

ast October a Greek gentleman, Mr. Sgouridi, was staying in this country, wrote to umanist" asking for help to find his sister, had gone to South America and whom he d not trace. "Humanist" consulted the ek Legation, which has now learned through Brazilian Embassy that the lady, who is only nty-three, is in Rio de Janeiro, and keeps a rding-house, the address of which has been n to us. Another illustration of the advantage writing to JOHN BULL about it."

Back the Conference.

he British Medical Conference at Bath in- ced a growing meanness which, in the interests British hospitals, we press home. Persons red in accidents, and receiving compensation, om pay anything to the institution which gives n aid. In one case a woman injured on the way received £3,000 in compensation and paid ning to the hospital in which she was treated. ther small hospital of a hundred beds treated y-six accidents in six months at a cost of rly £300. Injured persons might at least erve the rules of common decency.

lf! Wolf!

Ve commented last week on the case in which rge Cole, an elderly employé of Messrs. mas Wallis, Ltd., High Holborn, was charged stealing small pieces of cloth. We shared surprise of Alderman Neal when Cole urged in enuation that his wages for a full week amounted to £2, and a negligible commission. It now spires that his earnings, supplemented by ls valued by his trade union at 12s. 6d., had raged £4 0s. 4d. per week. It is a pity misled the Bench. Misstatements are no p in the fight against sweated conditions.

gari's Zeal Checked.

hen Richard Minton, a little, white-bearded man of seventy-two, along with Victoria, his e youthful wife, were summoned at Sheffield for d neglect, odd facts came to light. Minton lared himself a Syro-Phœnician, a member of Zingari, and therefore not subject to Christian . In court he made a loud and dramatic eal to the Sun-God. But the magistrates found little children altogether pitiful, verminous diseased, so they removed them from the ents' custody, sending the latter to prison for rteen days. It was too short a sentence. Only cold, hard facts of prison can teach fanatics t religious zeal is no excuse for cruelty.

Made in Germany.

Somebody is sending to this country a thing called Pine Extract Bath Stimulant. On the outside of the packet is the name of a respectable British firm, Cole and Wilson, 19, Railway Street, Huddersfield, and pasted on the front of the packet is a slip with the price marked on it. If you remove the slip, you see underneath it the words, "Made in Germany." We have not tried the bath salts, but we do not think much of this trick of covering up with a price slip the interesting legend which is the caption to this paragraph.

Made in France.

The police might well investigate certain stationery shops in Oxford Street who specialise in selling indecent postcards. Those which are exhibited in the window are comparatively innocuous, but purchasers who go inside and ask for a further list of subjects are shown things that are frankly disgusting. The objectionable postcards have on them the legend, "Fabrique en France." We shall be glad if France will keep these postcards within her own boundaries.

Postal Delays.

Mr. H. Slattery, of 294, Goldhawk Road, Shepherd's Bush, posted a letter from Friern Barnet to Shepherd's Bush in time to catch the 11.30 a.m. collection. The letter arrived a couple of days late and Mr. Slattery wrote the P.M.G. complaining of the delay. He has received a printed acknowledgment, together with a demand for 3d. "in connection with this enquiry." Many people think that registered letters cost quite enough without further charges being called for when people complain of delay.

Exhibitions and Accounts.

A Catford reader sold some rabbits to Mr. Alfred H. Green, of 14, Alfred Street, Hull, who is stated to be an expert breeder, importer and exporter of high-grade rabbits for exhibition purposes. The trouble is that our reader cannot get his money, and when we took the matter up with Mr. Green he very politely scrawled over our letter, "Please let me know the amount and I will send it." He has been repeatedly given this information since, but does not appear to be the expert in paying his accounts that he claims.

Bales and Bounce.

We are still receiving complaints about that very enterprising firm in the city called John Blundell, Ltd. A Hanwell reader complains that a representative of this firm left two pairs of boots and a bale of goods at his house without authority, and he requested the firm to take them back, pointing out that such high-handed methods had already been criticised in this journal. The canvasser thereupon made some unpleasant remarks about us which we do not mind, seeing that we are only doing our duty in telling the public what they have to be careful about when dealing with John Blundell, Ltd.

Quilliam in Love.

A reader who lives in St. Tropez (Var), France, sends us a copy of the French newspaper, *L'Eclaireur du Soir*, which has an advertisement from our old friend, Quilliam, the gentleman who was managing director of Direct Fish Supplies, which ruined hundreds of thousands of people. Quilliam is now boosting the Riviera watering-place, Juan-les-Pins, with which he says he is in love. "Mon Juan-les-Pins! comme je t'adore!" My Juan of the Pines! how I love you! All is fair in love and war. But we advise the people of the Riviera to be very careful of Mr. Quilliam's optimism. It is much more deadly than their mistral, or ruin-dealing wind.

Bessie the Bustler.

Bessie Field, the absconding debtor of Bristol, whose arrest we have demanded, is, we now find, a lady with a very interesting past. As long ago as 1920 she was making herself conspicuous in Maidstone, where she found many dupes, amongst them several employes who invested money to their sorrow. When will she be found?

Problems of Life

Our Happiest Time.

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

WHAT is the happiest period in any ordinary life? It is commonly believed to be the period of childhood and youth, or so we tell each other.

Dr. R. J. Campbell.

"Oh merry goes the time when the heart is young," and few would question it who listen to the joyous shouts of children at play or derive pleasure from observing the boisterous high spirits of lads and lasses on some convivial occasion.

Old people usually like being with the young more than the young like being with the old, and the reason is obvious. The carefree abandon and exuberant vitality of those whose life is still before them are a tonic to jaded faculties and declining powers.

But is it true that we all sigh for our lost youth, long for our time over again, and envy our boys and girls their *insouciance* and gaiety?

I do not think so. Some may be foolish enough to indulge this fond retrospect, but not all.

THE child is happy, but does not realise it. How often we hear the plaintive reflection, "If only we had known how happy we were then!" Young things never know; they have not the experience to know with; they are full of illusions.

They do well to be happy. This is a wisdom they will come back to, but they have far to go first and much to learn. And are the young men and maidens happy? Perhaps; but theirs is a precarious and much-interrupted felicity.

Basil King says that if we examine our own record faithfully we must come to the conclusion that youth is not a specially happy period. We have not found ourselves then; we do not know what we are up against, and we are continually getting hurt in finding out.

Taken on the whole, this is an accurate description of what most of us pass through in our formative years.

What mistakes we make, what croppers we come, what humiliations we undergo, how our self-confidence is tamed!

THE fires of Nature burn too fiercely when we are young. We want too much; we suffer foolishly and unavailingly.

Very often we come to realise that what we called heaven in youth was really hell; we would not have it again for any money. We were pursuing gratifications that gave us no peace, that kept us in a constant fever of unrest.

Said a dear old friend to me once, "It is good to be able to look back on life instead of forward; one has learned to be patient; one can wait for things more easily."

Wait for things! Curious, is it not? The young with plenty of time to spare cannot wait. The old can.

ANOTHER MISSING GIRL

WHERE IS MURIEL SUTHERLAND?

Father Appeals to "John Bull"

TO-DAY we have to tell the tragic story of a young girl named Muriel Sutherland, whose parents have sought our aid in their despair.

There are hundreds of girls "missing" to-day—girls who, in various circumstances, have disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them.

There are hundreds of police dossiers in which the sad circumstances of all these cases are filed, along with the reports of the various officers who have had the cases in hand without success.

Unaccountable stories

Some of the reports refer to night-clubs, some to white-slave agents, some to black men, some to Chinese, and others merely dispose of the matter by words like these: "I believe she must have taken her own life"; or "Efforts to trace her have failed—I think she must be dead."

Muriel was a charming and attractive young girl, who lived with her devoted parents at 4, Fernie Street, Maryhill, Glasgow. Several months ago she disappeared. There was not the slightest reason to account for her disappearance. She had a happy home, of which she was the light and the idol.

So far as her relatives and friends knew, she had no love affair, nor was there any circumstance to suggest that her quiet and well-ordered life should in any way be interrupted.

Where has Muriel Sutherland gone? Her distracted parents have sought everywhere in Glasgow, but without avail. They have been told that she was seen by one or two of her girl friends. One actually spoke to her and asked her what she was doing. Her reply was that "everything was all right," and that "mother knows all about it." As a matter of fact, her mother was in the most complete and abysmal ignorance as to where her daughter had gone or what had happened to her.

Miss Muriel Sutherland

Muriel is only nineteen years of age and of a type that most people would describe as beautiful. She has light-blue eyes and a fresh complexion, and her brown hair has recently been bobbed.

The fear that obsesses her parents is that she has been abducted. A doctor who attended her some time ago has suggested that she may have suffered from a slight mental aberration that would render her easily liable to be misled or imposed upon.

The darker fear

It is possible that she may have fallen a victim to some designing man who has hidden her in the neighbourhood of her native city. It is possible that she may have been persuaded to emigrate to Canada. But her parents cannot understand why, in either of these cases, she has never written home.

There is always a darker fear clutching at the hearts of the distracted parents. Not long ago our Special Commissioner found a young girl in a London night-club who had been abducted from her home by a woman who posed as her friend, had been initiated into London night-life and, before she could extricate herself, had been compromised, terrorised and taught to act as a vampire and a harpy.

That unfortunate young girl had only one remnant of good feeling. It was her chief anxiety that nobody should tell her parents where she was or to what depths she had fallen. If Muriel Sutherland is in such a position as this, her parents still appeal to her with pathetic earnestness to communicate with them at once, to come home to be forgiven and, above all, to be helped.

Police willing, but helpless

Her case has been in the hands of the Glasgow police for some time. The chief constable has taken a personal interest in it, without avail.

Now these poor parents come to us and ask for our co-operation. "You have been so successful in other cases," they write. "Can you be successful in ours? We shall be deeply grateful . . ."

We publish Muriel's photograph, and we beg any of our readers, if they know, or have reasonable grounds to suppose that they know, where this unhappy girl is, to communicate at once with us. It would be the source of the deepest satisfaction to us, and we are sure to our readers also, if such co-operation, which we know from experience is never refused, should in this case, as in so many others, prove happily successful.

Bunglers in Blue

Traps for Unwary Citizens

AMONGST the things we have constantly had to complain about are the dirty tricks and subterfuges police-constables are ordered by their superiors to carry out in order to get a conviction.

The other day, for example, at Tamworth, George Bettridge, landlord of the George Inn, was fined £20 for allowing betting on his premises. Police-constable Bloor admitted that he went to the inn, disguised as a pedlar, and invited the landlord to make bets with him. Police-constable Lee admitted that he also went to the George Inn and told a lot of lies which resulted in the conviction.

Convicted by lies

We say quite plainly that it is very distasteful to the public that tricks of this kind should be played. When policemen become liars by order they forfeit confidence.

A few days ago at Walsall Henry Bates and Wm. Marston, both policemen, were sued for damages for assault and malicious prosecution. It seems that Bates took a man named Hughes, a fruit salesman, who had had an accident to his lorry, to the police-station and there charged him with drunkenness. At the station Constable Marston dealt with the matter. Hughes had something like £15 upon him and he denied the charge of drunkenness and demanded a doctor.

An order ignored

This request was not complied with, in spite of the fact that the chief constable had actually posted a notice in the station that a doctor should be fetched where the prisoner could pay the fee. In this case Judge Tebbs gave a verdict against the police-officer and told the plaintiff that if he had claimed a larger sum he would have got it. He believed the police had told deliberate lies, and he considered it would be a public scandal if the Watch Committee indemnified them.

In one case we ourselves intervened, when a perfectly respectable young married woman, Mrs. Harvey, was arrested—as many other innocent and respectable women have been arrested—by the West End police and charged with soliciting.

We were satisfied there was danger of a miscarriage of justice, and employed a solicitor to defend the case, and it was dismissed, the judge stating that this lady was most certainly not soliciting men.

One of the worst cases with which the police at Vine Street were connected is that of a young girl named Nellie See. She went to meet a friend in the West End, who was late.

A cruel proceeding

She was arrested and charged with soliciting and kept for hours in a cell in close proximity with bad characters, and was asked very trying questions. Fortunately she was able to clear her character.

Scandals like these—and we could give many more instances if space permitted—must be prevented.

A £7,000 Mystery

Rate-Collector's Pretty Game

THE borough of Stoke Newington has had a shock. One of its most trusted rate-collectors, Mr. Stanley Dring Campbell, has disappeared. According to the chairman of the Finance Committee, Alderman Price, he has been stealing the council's money. It is said that something like £7,000 is involved.

Struggled to pay rates

This must be very unpleasant reading for some of the Stoke Newington ratepayers. Take the case of one poor struggling ratepayer. He has been very unlucky in the matter of employment since the War, and in order to keep his wife and family he had to have recourse to the guardians.

This poor fellow has tried everywhere for a job. Seventeen months ago he got one. It was to break concrete. It was not in his line, but he stuck it like a gallant fellow for five hours when he fainted and had to be carried away.

All the time he was looking for work his rates were accumulating. He was summoned, and brought before the magistrate. This happened more than once. On one occasion he appealed to us, and we gave him a few pounds to tide things over. He went straight off to the rate-collector's office and paid his rates with it.

On another occasion, when he had fallen behind with his rates, he was brought before a magistrate, and was sent to gaol for twenty-eight days. He had actually spent four days in Brixton Gaol when a public-spirited and sympathetic friend came forward and paid the rates for him, so that he could get out and resume his search for work in order to find food for himself and his wife and his seven children.

And the public pays

What are his thoughts likely to be when he reads that the rates which cost him blood and tears to pay, have been squandered by an absconding rate-collector? Not only is £7,000 gone, but the borough council is now putting up another £3,000 on the ratepayers' money as a reward for the arrest of the defaulting collector.

Why is it that a council, which is hard on the poor devils it hunts into Brixton Gaol, was so careless with the well-paid officials who reward its laxity by bolting with the money? It is stated that the missing man helped himself to over £100 a week for over fifty-two days.

It is amazing that such things should happen. The matter is made worse if it is true that at the last audit accounts were found to be unsatisfactory and yet that nothing effective was done. This matter must not rest here.

he Indecent "Jazz"

The Night Club Queen

FORTNIGHT ago we announced exclusively that the incorrigible Kate Merrick—the Club Queen—had decided to fer her activities to France. days later a Sunday paper out with a portentous announce- that Kate Merrick was estab- g herself in Paris and was ng a concern called "Merrick ."

is is the French way of spelling ety," and it remains to be seen her the enterprising Kate will le to brighten up the night life ris to the same extent that she n London.

"damnable les"

e do not regret the fact that we made this country too hot for Merrick—not because we have vindictive feeling towards her, because it was a public duty to ct the innocent and unwary le who were lured to ruin in the with which she was connected. w we have been criticised for by an obscene paper which itself *Jazz*. It is a publica- of unutterable filth. In its leading e it says: "Some people ought quietly put away; no noise, no e or hurry, but by some gentle rm exeat that will ensure that voices be for ever stilled." It on to say that that is the fate uld like to see extended to the r of the "damnable articles" in BULL.

icism a pliment

e specific complaint is that we ised "that perfect darling of an woman, Mrs. Merrick." On her lf, it says that she was helpful ores of the little cocottes who ed to her doors at one time or ner. The clubs with which she associated were certainly helpful hem. It adds that many up- ous youths of the Services or t the 'Varsity would never have back to duty had it not been r timely aid—money and other-

e only comment one need add to s that a number of Harrow boys dismissed from that great Eng- ublic school because they were d in a police raid on a club which Merrick was managing.

e say nothing further about this al, *Jazz*, which is published in , except that we think that so dy indecent a publication ought o be allowed to circulate in this try.

e police would be entitled to any copies that get here on the nd that it is disgustingly obscene. rosser publication has ever come r our notice, and therefore we pay the slightest attention to any of riticisms. From such a source ism is a compliment.

HUGE INSURANCE GAMBLE

FAMOUS COMPANY'S STRANGE DEAL

A Question for the Board of Trade

LORD ROSEBERY once said that, from the financial point of view, his definition of thrift was this: Getting full value for your money and looking ahead. This excellent definition has been adopted by the world of insurance. How is it being carried into effect?

Is it being carried into effect, for example, by the extraordinary insurance transaction which has just been announced—a transaction that would make many a financial purist, in the old phrase, stare and gasp. We refer to the purchase by the Norwich Union Life Office of the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society, Ltd., from the Phœnix Assurance Co.

Here are the details of the bald official announcement. The Norwich Life Office has bought from the Phœnix Company 44,000 shares in the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society and the calm proposal is to pay for these shares the enormous sum of six and a half million pounds.

A string of que tions

Now we propose to ask in this article what is being bought, why it is being bought, from whom it is being bought, and whence the money is to come to pay for this deal; and then to ask what effect this transaction is going to have on the business community of this country.

What is being bought is a block of shares, giving control of the Fire Society. These shares were bought five years ago by the Phœnix Assurance Society. Let us look at what they paid for them and what they are now getting.

To begin, then, the shares are of the nominal value of £25 each. The total nominal value of the shares, therefore, is just over a million pounds. They are being sold for over six million pounds. But there is a vast difference between the "market" value of these shares and their actual value—that is to say, the amount that has been paid up upon them.

On each £25 share only £3 has been paid—in other words, there is a liability of £22 on each share. To put it in another way, the company that is now acquiring these shares may be called upon to pay up £22 in respect of every one of them—that is to say, it is taking on a liability of about a million pounds sterling, in addition to a cash payment of £6,500,000.

Sir Gerald Ryan, Chairman Phœnix Assurance Co.

Now we should like to ask: Who paid up the capital on these 44,000 shares that are being sold at such a gigantic profit? Of the £3 per share 30s. was actually put up in cash by shareholders. Where did the balance come from? It was calmly appropriated from the reserves of the company—that is to say, from the money which largely belonged to the policy-holders and was kept in reserve for their protection.

To return to the transaction we are criticising. To sell these 44,000 shares, on which only 30s. each has been paid, or £66,000, for six and a half million pounds shows a profit of 9,000 per cent.

This block of shares was bought by the Phœnix Company five years ago. It now sells out at a profit to itself of over half a million, and in the meantime it has received nearly a million pounds sterling in dividends.

What is it that is being bought? It is true that the Norwich Union Fire Society has done well in the last five years, for it has been able to pay a dividend of over 150 per cent. on its paid-up capital. But this very handsome dividend would only pay about 2½ per cent. on the enormous amount of money that it is now proposed to give to buy these shares—that is to say, the Norwich Union Life policy-holders may see their company's dividends reduced in order to pay dividends on the new burden of capital liability they are asked to undertake.

A fight if necessary

Each of the 100,000 men with policies in the Norwich Union Life must ask himself this question: Is there any possible chance of this strange speculation in fire insurance adversely affecting the value and security of my life policy which I took out in a mutual office for the protection of my family? If there is the least doubt about the answer, the proposed transaction with the Phœnix must be stopped at all costs.

The business man must ask himself this question: Is this transaction, involving the conversion of a capital of £132,000 into a capital of £6,500,000 without a penny of advantage to the public, likely to promote the lowering of the heavy charges now imposed on my business in respect of fire insurance? If there is any doubt about the answer he must also join in the fight.

The Board of Trade must ask this question: Are these gentlemen from Norwich losing their grip on the terms of their trust? Are they proposing what is fair and reasonable with the funds of a mutual life office?

Bunkum Booming

Tragedy of Cotton Finance

WE are constantly commenting on the absence of protection given to investors by our existing company laws. No story could more clearly show this than that of the Leigh Waste Company, Oldham (1920), Ltd. This company has gone into liquidation with gross liabilities of over half a million to creditors, and a loss of nearly a million to the shareholders.

Bankrupt shareholders

These figures may be subject to some modifications, but nothing now can alter the fact that the concern has met with unmitigated disaster. How serious the position is may be gauged from the fact that a number of the shareholders have gone bankrupt and will be unable to meet calls in respect of unpaid share capital.

A good deal of criticism may be directed against the way in which this company was formed. No prospectus, it would seem, was issued, but the alternative was adopted of filing a statement in lieu of the prospectus.

Boom finance

A preliminary circular was issued enclosing an application form for shares, though this was not filed. If this could be regarded as a prospectus, it is possible shareholders might have a right of action against the directors.

Apart from matters of this kind, the whole transaction is a bad example of what we may call boom finance, the issuing of companies with enormous capital.

The business purchased was originally that of a private firm established some forty years ago, and nearly twenty years ago turned into a company as John Leigh, Ltd. The capital was £70,000, and Sir John Leigh held the majority of the shares. In 1920 another private company was formed to take over the Waste business as John Leigh, Ltd., with a nominal capital of half a million.

The shareholders were Sir John Leigh, Ltd., and some of the employés. The cost of the purchase of the business was nearly three-quarters of a million.

Kept in the dark

The Official Receiver considers that Sir John Leigh, in selling the company, made a hard bargain. The real point is this: that it is possible to form companies which, if they fail, may ruin thousands of people, and yet not to give these people the information which they ought to have before they invest their money.

When will Parliament tackle the really serious matter of our defective and semi-obsolete company law?

PROFESSOR AND HIS PREY

IDIOTIC HYPNOTIC BUNKUM

A Magnet for Mugs

A READER has sent us a copy of the literature issued by the National Institute of Sciences, 18, Rue de Londres, Brussels, Belgium, and he asks us our opinion about this institution. We are pleased to be able to tell him we think very little of it indeed, and we will tell him why.

It is run by a gentleman named Elmer E. Knowles, whose photograph is given in the propagandist literature of the institute. He is a little bit overdressed and looks extremely intense, as will be seen from the reproduction in our columns. Elmer has been getting dollars from fools for a generation.

At present his game is to lift £8 from the innocent and unwary by offering them instruction on hypnotism, telepathy and personal influence, including the use of the radio-hypnotic crystal.

The story told in pictures

Of course the radio-hypnotic crystal is all nonsense. But there are a lot of people who will part with money for it if you talk to them about force and vitality and magnetism and the doorway to success. These are the words that charm the dollars out of the pockets of the mugs as surely as a magnet will draw an iron filing. Here is a paragraph lifted bodily from Mr. Elmer E. Knowles' pamphlet:

"The future flames with promise. The ray of the sun are already utilized to operate a factory pioneering this field. Messages can be sent along the uncharted void. We are beginning to harness innumerable forces which neither individuals nor nations can pre-empt."

Now what does this paragraph mean? We overlook its contortions of grammar and we plead guilty to being entirely innocent of what is meant by the expression "which neither individuals nor nations can pre-empt." But where we are beaten the illustrations put us right.

There is, for example, a picture of Professor Knowles confronted by three women and a man who are holding their jaws with an expression of acute agony which suggests that possibly they have been kicked by a mule. Nothing so sad has really happened to them. They were simply told by Professor Knowles that their teeth were fastened with sticky wax, and the moment they were told that they endeavoured, but in vain, to open their mouths.

Mr. Elmer E. Knowles, of the National Institute of Sciences

Another picture shows an early Victorian lady in front of a small boy who is standing in a stooping attitude which reminds one of the critic's famous description of the statue of Abraham Lincoln, which, he said, represented the village idiot suffering from cancer of the stomach and detected in the act of stealing a bottle of whisky.

The illustration, we are told, represents a little boy who has been cured of the cigarette habit by hypnotism, which seems to have left him despondent and anæmic.

Another of the things that Professor Knowles sells is the master-key to the science of hypno-magnetism. This is illustrated by a picture of the professor standing over a lady who is stretched prone upon a couch apparently oblivious to everything in the world.

The curious thing is that it is suggested that clergymen can be greatly improved by knowledge of this kind. They can grip their congregations, sway their emotions and mould their feelings. Merchants can sell businesses, salesmen can sell goods, and husbands and wives can avoid the divorce court—all of which is pretty cheap at £8.

You never know what may happen to you if you master the professor's system. Take the case of Mr. Philip Grout, whose photograph adorns the professor's pamphlet. We know nothing of Philip except what the pamphlet tells us, and it calls him "the wonder phenomena developed through the Knowles' System." What that means we do not know. But here is what Philip says he can do: "I can sit down and tell anyone what I would like them to do and not have to write and wait for return mail."

A tip for the League of Nations

If that is true, Philip should be bought by the League of Nations. He could, for example, stop all the future wars of the world—which would be inexpensive at £8 a stop.

There are many more things that the professor can tell us. One is "that the polished villain often deceives the shrewdest of men and women who know nothing of character reading."

We do not go as far as the professor. But we say that the polished humbug can do all this, and more. Therefore we tell our readers to keep their money and let this preposterous charlatan alone.

Floating Flat-traps

The Guernsey Dodge

A QUESTION that ought to be brought to an issue is the practice that has recently grown up of forming limited liability companies in Guernsey, where they come under the Channel Island laws, which are even more lax than our own extremely lax joint-stock regulations.

Dead letters

We have exposed that gross ramp, the Oil Lease Investment Company, with which the notorious Lord Haldon was once associated. It had offices in Southampton Row, which it has now left. An unfortunate investor has been trying to get some satisfaction from this company, which is one of those that register in Guernsey.

He wrote to Mr. W. F. Creeke, of Southampton Buildings; his letter was returned without comment. Then he wrote to Mr. Harry Cohen at the Savoy Hotel, Strand. According to the Guernsey registration, Mr. Harry Cohen was practically the owner of the company. The letter remained at the Savoy Hotel for nearly two months, when it was returned marked "Unclaimed."

Then he wrote to Mr. J. J. M. Ouseley, of 33, Stanthorpe Road, Streatham, because this gentleman was described on the letter-heading as general manager. He replied on a postcard that he was only a paid servant of the company and had left its employment last March.

Float and run away

Mr. Creeke was supposed to be the secretary and, according to the Guernsey authorities, the registered office was at 4-5, Port Row, Guernsey. A letter sent there was returned, marked "Not known at this address." A further letter to the Guernsey authorities brought a reply that this was the correct address, but why the letter was not accepted could not be explained.

Certainly there ought to be some machinery by which the shareholders can be told how much money was put into this company and what has become of it. It is monstrous that concerns of this kind can be floated as flat-traps for the unwary and that then the people who float them can divest themselves of responsibility.

Barefaced robbery

We do not suppose that Lord Haldon will condescend to throw any light on the mysterious collapse of the company with which his name was associated. But, as a protection to the public, an official enquiry ought to be made into this gross scandal as the first step in preparing legislation that will make it impossible for rogues, many of whom come from abroad, to use dud companies for the purpose of cynical and naked robbery.

Set to Brea Stones

Ex-soldier badly treated

A CASE that the Home Secre ought certainly to invite of his officials to look into occurred at Basford, near Ilkest

A poor fellow, named Simkin, is an ex-soldier, was brought before the magistrates on a c of having stolen a loaf of bread. T appears to be some doubt whether Simkin can be rightly c as a mental defective. The me officer of the Basford Workho where Simkin is, apparently re him as "a borderline case."

What happened was that magistrates before whom he brought placed him on probatio

When he went into the institu somebody seems to have thought it was necessary to give him further punishment, for no interpretation can be put upon way in which this ex-soldier treated.

A queer sort of joke

One of the guardians stated he went to see Simkin and found breaking stones in a small cell, an was told that he was servi sentence of six months for steal loaf of bread. He accepted position as a joke, but when he le a month later, that the poor was still there and still engag breaking stones, he very pro decided that this was a gross sc that should be exposed at all ha

The explanation given by authorities of the workhouse scarcely be called satisfactory. stated that the man was not ad under a magistrate's order and he was at liberty to leave at any that he wished, though he rem in the institution for six mo The latter statement would b right, except for the fact that Si is a borderline case and very cl the mentally defective category.

Wrong way to save money

But if he was not admitted magistrate's order by what right he made to break stones? The reports that years ago they h this institution stonebreaking task. Granite used to be bou bulk and broken for use on the ways, but that is no longer practice. There were, however, few stones and old bricks, and which had to be cracked up in the institution.

This presumably is the work was thrust upon this unfort borderline case, who had appar forfeited any right to consider because of his iniquity in h stolen a loaf when he was starv

If the Basford Workhouse its paths renewed it should pay It, like any other institution. not be allowed to take borde cases and use them in the manner which the unhappy ex-soldier Si has been treated.

A Shady Knight

A Familiar Fraud

READER who took advantage of our Free Advice Service has written to us to say how eful he is and how it helped him ave his money. He saw an adisement in a daily paper some ths ago, worded like this:

Splendid opportunity occurs in house for young man willing to st £100-£150. Apply Agent."

ur reader replied and ultimately a Mr. Samuel Knight, of Messrs. Knight & Sons, Ltd., at an e in Fenchurch Street. He was that the job was to mind the e.

sked for particulars about the iness, Mr. Knight would not give n as he could not show an outsider idential details, but said that if outsider put up his money he ld then be inside and get all the rmation he wanted. However, reader came along with some real ey and Mr. Knight at once proed to make out a certificate.

aving been warned by us, how-, the reader was not having any, e wanted a balance-sheet before parted with his money. He was n a letter to invite a gentleman lived in East Ham to call at the e and there make up a balance-t to satisfy this shy investor.

hat, so far as our reader was cerned, was the end of the transon. He took our advice and let matter drop. We now find, on ing enquiries from the police, that ght was a few days ago sent to for obtaining money by false pre-es, ample proof that our warning justified.

ostless Holidays

NLY a few days ago Sapper A. Smith, of Wood Green, won the King's Prize at Bisley, and w days later Mrs. Oliver, 8, Poplar cent, Gateshead-on-Tyne, scored fferent bull's-eye by winning the prize in our "Bullets" Competi-Mrs. Oliver received a cheque £1,500, which is six times the e of the King's Prize.

he successful lady of Gateshead been firing bullets practically the inception of the competition she has gained small prizes.

We very rarely get telegrams our house," said Mrs. Oliver our representative, "and I felt ous as I opened the envelope, ing that it might contain bad s. So you can, perhaps, im-e my delight when I read it. owed it to my husband as soon ossible and he became just as ted as I was myself.

I am going to put the money the bank," she added, "for never knows what may happen."

here is no holiday pastime quite fascinating as "Bullets." JOHN L is commemorating the holiday-on by offering a thousand holiday es. There is no reason why your llet" should not pay your holiday nses.

STRANGE MURDER MYSTERY

DANGEROUS CRIMINAL AT LARGE

The Gang Behind the Victim

THE alien undesirables of London are getting daily more impudent and confident, largely because of their growing belief that the resources of the police are at present overstrained.

There is clearly some ground for such a belief when a murder like that of Martial Lechevalier can take place and when nobody is brought to book. Have the police allowed this matter to drop?

The known story of the crime need not delay us. Lechevalier, a young man described as a French acrobat, was found late one night in Piccadilly, a year ago, with his throat cut practically from ear to ear. He died an hour later. A number of people must have seen the blow struck. For some reason the names and addresses of onlookers were not taken.

Witnesses who told lies

We state plainly that we believe that we know who the murderer of Lechevalier is, but, as the matter stands at present, the evidence would not secure a conviction. But if the police will renew their investigations along certain lines, they ought to achieve the desired results. We do not, in any case, intend to let the matter rest where it is at present.

Now we propose, from secret information obtained in the underworld by our Special Commissioner, to reveal who Lechevalier really was, and the kind of company he kept.

He was described at the inquest and in the newspapers as a French acrobat. He was nothing of the kind. Since he came to London he had no engagement as an acrobat, or as a music-hall artiste of any kind. He lived in lodgings in Neal Street, Covent Garden. He always had plenty of money, and he did no work.

He got his money from women of the unfortunate class. He had a wide acquaintance with foreign women in the West End of London. He was closely associated with the infamous rascal called "The Jockey," who specialises in importing French prostitutes to this country, where, for a five-pound note, he will introduce them to some low-down Englishmen who would marry them, and thus give them British nationality so that they could not be deported.

Martial Lechevalier

That was Lechevalier's trade. He was also connected with the nefarious work of exporting girls from this country and from France to the brothels of South America.

At the inquest the coroner stated that several witnesses had lied, and that the conduct of at least one was highly suspicious. He hoped that the police would make further inquiries. Have such inquiries been made, and whither do they lead?

We are able to state that the murdered man associated with a gang of foreign rascals, male and female, whose presence in this country is a menace to public order and security.

These undesirable foreigners have their own resorts.

There is, for example, a house in a street off Covent Garden which is frequented by dissolute Frenchwomen, a number of whom have been married to renegade Englishmen through the instrumentality of the elusive "Jockey." There is a notorious foreigner who associates with these people, and who was closely connected with Lechevalier, and engaged with him in the white slave traffic. This man does no real work, though he makes periodic journeys between London and France.

Find the murderer

Why should they be allowed to come to this country? Why should they be allowed to stay here?

A number of undesirable Belgians were also associated with Lechevalier and the gang with which he was connected. One of them was Hermann Hoogan, who kept a disorderly house in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. This scoundrel, who was recently deported, was described in his alien papers as a "waiter," and was registered as an alien at Bow Street Police Court.

For years he lived here, in defiance of law and order, on the immoral earnings of women, and was also engaged in the white-slave traffic between Buenos Ayres and this country. He rented flats for foreign prostitutes, and took the lion's share of the plunder.

If the police follow the movements of the aliens who frequent the den in the Covent Garden district, and the evil haunts favoured by French and Belgian pests in Soho, they will secure ample evidence for ridding London of such foreign blackguards.

They can do much in this direction, too, if they do not allow the unsolved murder mystery of Lechevalier to be added to the list of undetected crimes.

The Mirage Village

Wisdom after the Event

IT is quite a common experience with us that, when we criticise some dubious financial undertaking, we are assailed with abuse by individuals who may not be in the same position to know the inner story as ourselves. One of the concerns with which we had to deal drastically was the British Economy Association, Ltd., with which we advised our readers to have nothing to do.

A letter of thanks

The sequel is before us in a letter from a depositors' committee of investigation, which thanks us for what we have done in drawing public attention to the unsatisfactory conduct of the association. We are even more pleased to think that we have saved others from joining the ranks of the dissatisfied depositors

A committee which, after our exposure, examined the books finds that about £12,000 was received in deposits, and that it was practically all spent on advertisements in the Press, salaries and wages, directors' petty cash, directors' salaries and sundry amounts drawn by Mr. Cordwell, the managing director. Very little appears to have been spent on building.

A fresh scheme

Cordwell's connection with the concern has now been severed and an attempt is being made to reorganise the business. Meanwhile, Cordwell has become associated with another building concern, and we urge the public to be very careful about any dealings with any concern in which he plays a dominant part.

Similarly, we criticised another building concern, Streatham Tenants, Ltd. Here, again, our exposure has been followed by a committee of investigation. The chairman of the society, Mr. G. Trafford Hewitt, has been induced to vacate his position, and the Registrar of Friendly Societies has been asked to hold an official investigation into the past management of the society.

The secretary of this investigation committee writes to us to say that an effort is being made to save the situation, and also to accumulate evidence about the promises which led people to part with their money.

The committee's problem

The secretary adds: "The society has been taken over by the committee, with a debt of, approximately, £900, without a penny, without an acre of ground or a brick to its name, so that you can understand the problem in front of the committee is by no means easy."

Could any one sentence more succinctly justify the drastic criticism we thought it our duty to pass?

The Sentence of the Court

ONE IN A MILLION

A Taxpayer's Tort

THE MAN WHO WAS TAUGHT BETTER

CHARGED with being found in a public place on July 29 without a copy of the thousandth number of JOHN BULL in his possession, Thomas Taxpayer shamefacedly pleaded "Guilty."

"This case," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "is somewhat more serious than might at a first glance appear. Doubtless JOHN BULL can survive the fact that the accused is not among its 940,000 buyers or its several million readers, but if a few hundred thousand other persons of Mr. Taxpayer's class were similarly negligent the paper's net sales might scarcely exceed those of some of its secretive contemporaries, who apparently consider that to reveal their 'figures' to the public gaze would savour of immodesty.

"The People's Paper is naturally desirous of being read by as many people as possible and so is at present making a special effort to reach the million mark.

"JOHN BULL has stood for the right to justice and truth for the people. It has built up a formidable armoury, which contains bludgeons for use upon time-serving politicians, hooks with which to catch financial sharks, clubs for night-club crooks, spades with which to dig graves for odoriferous wild cats, and other weapons of varying shapes and sizes which have proved useful in dealing with cranks, killjoys, fanatics and impropergandists too numerous or too humorous to mention.

"Seeing that it drops bombs on the country's enemies, reserves angry words for the guilty and 'cross-words' for the innocent, and gives practical effect not only to the principle of free speech, but to that of free insurance also, JOHN BULL is surely entitled to complain when citizens like Mr. Taxpayer neglect the obvious duty of supporting the paper which supports his class."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter explained that his client's seeming neglect was capable of a very simple explanation. Mr. Taxpayer had frequently heard persons of unblemished respectability assert that JOHN BULL "can't be bought" and, not being familiar with the colloquial meaning of this phrase, Mr. Taxpayer had not attempted to buy it.

* * *

"IT astounds me that at this time of day anyone should have fallen into such an error," remarked Mr. Justice Bull; "so lest any other simple-minded citizens suffer from a similar misconception, I must point out that, although JOHN BULL'S silence cannot be purchased at any price, its eloquence can be bought for the insignificant sum of twopence weekly.

"The paper makes a habit of 'giving away' charlatans, cheats and humbugs, but has no intention of giving itself away, for it considers that it is well worth the price of 3½ 'gaspers,' a fraction of a thick head, about the fiftieth part of an attack of indigestion via Soho, or the seventy-fifth part of a stall at the silliest revue in town.

"A MAN who does not regularly read the paper on which the sun never sets deserves to be confined in some place upon which the sun never rises; but, in view of his counsel's explanation, I shall merely order the prisoner to pay 2d. a week for the next 1,000 weeks towards the maintenance of his self-respect."

In Sunshine Ward

THE DRAMA of DOREEN

A Mother in Torment

by PHILIP INMAN

MY room one day resembled a miniature toy emporium. There were articles of every description, ranging from a doll's perambulator to a bead necklace. They had been sent to be distributed amongst the suffering children in a London hospital. The only trace of the donor's identity was a card tied to a teddy bear, with these words written on it, "For some other Doreen from one who has lost her's."

A few weeks later the sender of that miscellaneous collection called at the hospital and introduced herself. She was a woman of remarkable presence, Her juvenile face was in strange contrast to her hair, which was as white as snow. Her eyes, large and wistful, had in them that far-away look, a sure sign that sorrow had not passed her by.

In a voice strangely appealing and pathetic, she explained that she was passionately fond of children and wondered whether there was any work in the "kiddies' ward" which she could undertake?

AS she spoke her lips trembled and the tears welled up in her eyes, but she recovered her composure and went on quietly, "If such a thing is not allowed could I just call in and see them sometimes?" I was wondering what I could say when she took from her handbag a crumpled piece of paper and handed it to me. It was a cutting from a newspaper, and this is what I read:

SPECTACULAR TRAGEDY.

"At the corner of Waterloo Road and High Street, on Wednesday last, a little girl, Doreen ——, was killed before her mother's eyes. Mrs. ——, who is the widow of a naval officer, had gone out shopping and her little girl had escaped from the house and went to meet her. The child seeing her mother across the road was running over to her when she was knocked down by a private motor-car and instantly killed. The accident, which occurred at the busiest time of the day, was witnessed by a large number of people."

"I am that mother," said my visitor simply, as I handed her back the tragic missive. Now for the strange sequel.

At nine o'clock on the morning of Easter Sunday there was born in the maternity wing of a London hospital a female child. The mother, a shop girl in the West End, had, under the promise of marriage, been betrayed. Ashamed to tell her parents of her condition, she sought and found shelter in a London hospital.

When admitted to the ward she was in a nervous and weakened state. Instead of procuring nourishment for herself during those critical weeks before confinement she had spent what money she had on garments for her child. The layette she had prepared would have done credit to the wife of a nobleman. A mother's love—it begins before we reach the cradle and persists long after what is mortal of her has passed hence.

Philip Inman

So on that Easter morn the price of that child's birth was its mother's life. Her stamina was insufficient to carry her through the crisis and as a result there came into a cold and callous world a tiny fragment of humanity, motherless and illegitimate.

FOR a time, until a home could be found, the mite was placed in the children's ward. That is how it was that a month ago Doreen's mother, who was paying one of her frequent visits to the hospital, came to hear the story. She lifted the tiny form into her arms. In that instant the mother's instinct was reawakened.

Then her eyes glanced at the name plate on the wall. On it was engraved the word "Doreen." "God has sent this child to me," she cried, "and if you will let me I will make up for all that it's lost." So this orphan bairn stole its way into an empty heart and later is to bring sunshine into an empty home.

Cartoonettes and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The prayer that peace may never cease
Is always on our lips,
And yet the bill grows bigger still
For guns and men and ships!

With pack on back he treads the track
That Treaties now require,
But will it prove the old remove
From frying-pan to fire!

Tho' coal's too dear, the profiteer
Is seizing on the crisis
To squeeze a bit more swag from it
By putting up his prices.

To dine on this is not amiss
If it prevents you fasting,
But still its source is not, of course,
Exactly everlasting.

A Pageant of Truth

LET me forget—let me forget—
I am weary of remembrance,
And my brow is very wet
With the tears of my remembrance,
With the tears and bloody sweat;
Let me forget.

If we forget—if we forget—
Then our children must remember,
And their brows be ever wet
With the tears of their remembrance,
With the tears and bloody sweat,
If we forget.

by the Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY, M.A. ("Woodbine Willie")

AUGUST 4 comes round again, and we shall doubtless repeat around the Cenotaph the Pageant of Remembrance in honour of Our Glorious Dead.

wonder what they think about it all! Have changed from what they were as I remember n, and, if so, in what way have they changed? they wiser, clearer sighted now than then? they see more deeply into the truth of things? ey do, I wonder what they think about these eants of Remembrance and the official wreaths politicians lay upon their empty tomb.

ne can guess, of course, what they think of the ers laid by father, mother, widow, sweetheart, rade or old friend—they can but bring them and undiluted joy. But the pageantry of politician and the mummery of war is another ter.

oes it really bring them joy and is that deep n its real purpose, or does it tend to per- ate belief in the glory of war? Does it tend xalt war service above all other forms of ice, and make death on the battlefield the t honourable death? Is not that uncon- sly the meaning of it all?

army the dead

there not a plea to the living behind the e of the dead that they may be ready to w their good examples, and fall in when trumpets blow once more, and the nations pede like panic-stricken mules?

there is to be a pageant, would not a Pageant ruth be more to their tastes? They were ly disillusioned men, these glorious dead of They walked in the valley of destruction often rubbed elbows with death before it to them indeed. They knew war for the , bloody, barbarous force it is; do they know y differently **now**?

pageant of modern war as it is might not be tiful, but it would be wholesome.

rst might come the fighting troops in gas- s, with goggles all complete, sweating, ing, cursing inwardly the beastly things as tramped beneath their packs. With them d march the special instructors in methods ift and silent killing, the men who teach us to kick a man in the vital parts after you seized him from behind and thrown him , and how to drive a bayonet in far enough, not too far, so that you can quickly pull it nd ram it into someone else's stomach.

t, lame blind

xt to them might come the men for whom War was really glorious—the profiteers and ho did the Government on Army contracts. might come in their cars, with their names, and decorations displayed outside.

xt to them might come the glorious array of ployed. They ought to have a place of ur because they paid for the War, and suffered ve British credit, and allow us to pay our without asking anything of our debtors. might carry a banner with "God save nal Green and give us homes for fires to burn on it, and the band might play "Land of and Glory"; it would be very suitable; they know all about hope and glory—especially hope.

Next we might have a contingent from the lunatic asylums with keepers in attendance. All the men that were driven mad by the War, and the women too; there are lots of them hidden away, gibbering, raving and muttering blasphemies to themselves all day long.

They might be followed by the crippled and diseased, with a special body of men and women who became infected with disease, the curse of modern armies, with the blind and rickety children they have had since the War to improve the race and make up for the losses on the battlefield.

Tragedy of the loveless

Then come the children whose lives were maimed and bodies crippled by the air-raids, carrying flowers for the women and children who were killed. These might be drawn from all the nations involved, and would include a number of "enemy" children who were crippled by our gallant Air Force doing their duty.

After them might come the widows, and with them all the women and girls who must go all their lives with empty arms because their proper mates were butchered in the glorious War.

The rest of the procession might be composed of representatives of the best liars among the nations, all those who wrote up the slanders, misrepresentations, spurious atrocities, and barefaced falsehoods that go to make up war propaganda and fan the passions of the people into a good strong flame of hatred and of fear.

Finally, all the politicians who made the Peace, and thus made quite certain of another war, might come bearing an illuminated copy of the Treaty of Versailles as an offering at the Cenotaph.

* * *

All that is bitter, but it would not be as bitter as the Truth. There could not be a Pageant of Truth, because men and women could not bear it. It would be brutal, blasphemous, cruel, sensual, foul and filthy beyond the power of language to express.

War's waste and wickedness

It is just because the reality of "the Great War" was this mean and unspeakable truth that anything which tends to sentimentalise it and hide its real nature makes me ill. Our dead are glorious, all brave men are glorious, but because glorious men are murdered that does not glorify murder.

If our cenotaphs, halls of memory and pageants of remembrance tend to confuse our minds, and make us forget rather than remember the truth about war,—*we were better without them.*

If the long lists of names in every church and cathedral, small and great, do not tend to arouse in us a deeper and more clear-eyed loathing of the waste and wickedness of war, they fail to fulfil their proper function.

As Mr. J. B. S. Haldane remarks in his honest and penetrating little book on Chemical Warfare, "We have not yet made a scientific study of the causes of war, and until we do we may expect more wars . . . Future Governments will not enter on

Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy ("Woodbine Willie") the writer of this powerful article

war without first persuading the vast majority of the people of its justice. This appears to be a relatively simpler process under modern conditions."

There is the root of the misery. It is relatively simple to persuade the majority of the people of the justice of any war because their memories are short, they are swift to feel and slow to think, they are credulous and uncritical, queer mixtures of sentiment and cynicism, providing the most fertile and fruitful soil for unscrupulous propaganda.

Black clouds of evil

Here is one of the causes of war, and if pageants and memorials do but serve to make the fertile soil of credulous sentiment more fertile still, and confused minds still more confused, then they do not honour but dishonour the dead. They dishonour them by tending to frustrate the purpose of their death, which was to give their children peace.

The only great things in "the Great War" were the men who fought it, and their greatness is to be measured in their will to service and to sacrifice in the cause of their humanity, and it is by the glory of service and sacrifice to the common good, and by that alone, that we can worthily perpetuate their memory.

As I write it looks as though this sixth winter of unemployment and depression were going to be the bitterest of all. The clouds of industrial war are black and lowering at home; abroad the insane and senseless competition in armaments, and aerial armaments particularly, goes on. We seem to have learned but little, and to be no nearer the end.

"With the tears and bloody sweat"

When we come to lay our wreaths of remembrance on the Cenotaph would it not be best for us to lay them with a vision of the Pageant of Truth before our eyes, and a vow upon our lips that we will remember the realities of war, and hold fast the fact that in it, whether it be war at home or war abroad, the victors are the vanquished and the vanquished only victims of a common human curse? That is what we are really liable to forget.

G. A. Studdert Kennedy

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the SEA LORDS,
British Admiralty.

SIRS,—No doubt you are pluming yourselves on your "triumphant victory," having ridden roughshod over the British taxpayer and subjugated the Chancellor of the Exchequer with your threats of resignation. There is, however, one item you always omit from your scare-making arguments—viz., against whom or what we are supposed to be arming. Briefly, in my opinion, you are all suffering from swelled heads.

JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. E. F. L. WOOD, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture.

SIR,—Accept my hearty congratulations upon your spirited defence of the Diseases of Animals Bill, the aim of which is to make it impossible that diseased carcases should find their way into the market and be exposed for sale. Naturally the Bill has met with stout opposition from the vested interests affected, but you have scored off your critics in dashing style. JOHN BULL.

To the MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T.,
Mount Stuart, Rothesay.

MY LORD,—You have applied to the Rothesay Town Council, and received from that body a grant of £100 towards the cost of a dwelling-house you are building above a garage in this town. You are within the law, which must be applied impartially. But when I reflect that you are one of the richest men in the country, a landowner in Scotland, and a Welsh colliery-owner to boot, it seems that good taste alone should have restrained this application. JOHN BULL.

To Lord RAGLAN,
St. George's Road, S.W.

MY LORD,—You are perturbed at the lack of enthusiasm amongst young men for joining the Territorials. The point you fail to touch is the psychological aspect of the question. The world is still in rack and ruin from the effects of the last war. It would be a miracle if there was keenness for recruiting anywhere. JOHN BULL.

To R. B. WALKER, Esq.,
Gen. Sec. National Union of Agricultural Workers.

DEAR SIR,—I am distressed by your forecast of a further reduction in wages for agricultural workers. One would have thought that the pittances paid to workers on the land had touched rock-bottom, and how it is supposed that farm labourers with families can support themselves with less than they are now getting I am at a loss to imagine. The truth is that the workers in our oldest industry are sweated to a degree that would not be tolerated in any other calling, and their patience has been amazing. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. W. BAGSHAW,
Borough Coroner, Doncaster.

DEAR SIR,—In summing up a painful case at Doncaster, where a miner had committed suicide after seriously injuring his wife and her mother, you found domestic brawls were the root trouble. You rightly blamed the present housing shortage, which forces young couples to live in overcrowded and intolerable conditions. I should like a consensus of opinion from coroners all over the country who are daily face to face with similar tragedies. It might stir the Government to real action. JOHN BULL.

To Mr. GEORGE PILCHER, M.P.,
St. George's Hill, Weybridge.

DEAR SIR,—It is amazing that a law-breaker should have the effrontery to sit at Westminster as a law-maker. At Okehampton you insisted on infringing the by-laws by leaving your motor standing while you had tea at an hotel, objecting to garage charges, and when told there was free accommodation refused to use it, blustering and swearing in defiance of the police. To cap all, you gave to the latter a wrong address. I cordially agree with the chairman of the Bench, who, in fining you 10s., observed that £20 might have been better, and I fail to understand why he didn't impose it. JOHN BULL.

To Alderman HENN,
Wolverhampton Town Council.

DEAR SIR,—Your desire is not to see every [illegible] in England a tenant, but his own landlord. [illegible] have lent your weight to the scheme to help forward this ideal in your own town by making it easy to purchase council houses. I agree with you that the effect of bad housing upon minds, morals, and bodies is deplorable beyond anything that can be conceived. Wolverhampton's lead MUST be followed. JOHN BULL.

To the DIRECTORS,
Wigan Coal and Iron Company, Ltd.

GENTLEMEN,—You have decided further to reduce your directors' fees, thus bringing them down to one half of the original figure. Your company officials are also agreeing to reduce salaries. I applaud the spirit prompting this. It should go far towards assuring the fourteen or fifteen thousand hands you employ of a real desire to ease the situation. JOHN BULL.

To J. A. LOVAT-FRASER, Esq.,
Joint Hon. Sec., State Children's Association.

DEAR SIR,—I note your valuable suggestion that our Universities in industrial centres should give volunteer help in the Children's Courts. Here we have both men and women physicians and trained psychologists. It would be easy for each University to maintain a clinic where [illegible] offenders could be sent. The saving to the State would be enormous, and the salvage of child life past computation. JOHN BULL.

To Miss CONSTANCE COCHRANE, C.C.,
Cambridge Educational Committee.

DEAR MADAM,—You are a woman with a heart rather than a mere theorist. You make a strong plea for no home-work, shorter school hours, and later age than five for compulsory attendance. It is wicked that children should be irritated with brain-work until they cannot sleep at night. As housing conditions are, thousands of poor children are better off in school than elsewhere. But about home-work there cannot be two opinions.

JOHN BULL.

To CECIL A. G. MANNING,
Chief Labour Whip.

DEAR SIR,—In a recent utterance referring to surrender of park land, you point out that the Labour Party is as keen as anybody to fight against interference with or restriction of public open spaces. I am glad to have this assurance remembering which Government removed the ban on taxi-cabs plying through Hyde Park, interference immediately followed by several fatal accidents. Party keenness seems to be elastic.

JOHN BULL.

THE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS:—"There is a spirit at every Cabinet meeting I attend."

Which explains why the country wails in vain for something sensible to be done.

• • •

MR. BALDWIN:—"Even a Prime Minister cannot run permanently in opposition to popular feeling."

A Prime Minister has no right ever to run counter to the will of the country which sent him to power.

• • •

J. E. SUTTON, M.P.:—"Anyone who wants more than his share is a glutton."

War comes not through gluttony but drift. It is up to M.P.s to check it.

• • •

DR. J. H. RITSON:—"The world peril is not paganism but in a Christian civilisation without Christ."

A terrible indictment of Christians in whom Christ is said to reside.

Without Fear or Favour

ON TO THE MILLION!

An Appeal for Justice

OUR readers will recall that some time ago Dr. Hayden Brown contributed to our columns an article on "Painless Childbirth." For daring to sign his name to an article, albeit it dealt with a subject of vital importance, Dr. Brown was haled before the General Medical Council and forthwith struck off the Medical Register.

In other words, a qualified doctor whose only "offence" was a sincere desire to help suffering womankind was deprived of his means of livelihood, made an outcast among medical men, and refused the right to help his fellowmen with his skill and knowledge.

Dr. Hayden Brown might well have utilised this penalty as more than one doctor has done in the past as a money-making opportunity.

He has not done so. His only desire was, and is, to be allowed to practise the profession to which he has devoted his life.

There is no doubt that Dr. Brown's wholly dignified protests against his treatment by the Medical Council have been instrumental in gaining for doctors their liberty of action. We congratulate him.

But now that the tyrannical ban placed on doctors' contributions to the Press has been lifted, what is to be the position of Dr. Brown?

Is he to be penalised for ever? Or will the Medical Council make a gracious gesture and reinstate him? The case of Dr. Hayden Brown is not a private matter; it is something of a national affair. The public has never understood why it should be deprived of the services of doctors against whose skill no allegation has been made merely because the Medical Council so decrees.

Wherefore we invite the Medical Council to reconsider its decision.

Abject Surrender

MR. CHURCHILL and the Cabinet have been beaten hands down by the Admiralty spendthrifts. During the next five years this country will be spending £40,000,000 to £50,000,000 on 10,000-ton cruisers alone.

This is what a "programme" means in hard cash to the taxpayer.

How it comes about that a Government enjoying such an enormous majority can allow itself to be bludgeoned into submission by Mr. Bridgeman and the Sea Lords is beyond the wit of man to understand.

Who rules the country—the Government or the Sea Lords? It is a question that needs an immediate and decisive answer.

Meanwhile, we point out to Mr. Churchill that, despite these times of strikes, there is one strike that has not yet been declared.

The British taxpayer is patient, too patient in our view, but there are limits, and they are rapidly being reached.

The Chancellor and his colleagues would do well to ponder on the situation that would arise if the taxpayers suddenly decided that they had had enough.

The Last Hundred Thousand

THIS week "John Bull" celebrates its thousandth issue with a net sale of nearly 950,000 copies. We are naturally proud of the position we hold, but we want that million! We invite our readers to help us to reach the goal

WEEK by week we devote this space to the ventilation of some matter of public importance. If, on the occasion of our thousandth number, we devote it to some remarks about John Bull we do so for the same reason.

What John Bull says has for long been regarded as of public importance. We have won a position in the public's confidence and affection of which we are very proud.

Nearly a million copies of John Bull are sold each week—sold on the paper's merits, without the backing of any Party machine or other influence whatsoever.

Our readers are our friends, secure in the knowledge that we have no axe to grind, that our only endeavour is to wage an unceasing war for Truth and Right against the forces of Ignorance, Tyranny, and mental and moral Dishonesty.

We are proud of our motto, "Without Fear or Favour," and we endeavour to live up to it. We challenge reaction with a progressive policy, attack without fear where attack is called for, and praise without favour where praise is due.

To-day John Bull is the terror of the dishonest politician and the exploiter of the poor and ignorant, feared by the trickster and the hypocrite, hated by crooks and rogues.

THAT in itself is a matter for pride; but we are far prouder of the fact that John Bull is everywhere regarded as the friend of the oppressed, a shield to those who need protection, and a sword in the hands of those whose duty it is to seek out evil and dishonesty and destroy them.

It is not easy to maintain a sturdy independence such as we have achieved, caring for neither man nor Party, shutting the door to political bias, backstairs influence and wirepulling.

Often enough it means taking an unpopular course, tearing away the fake from a popular idol, the sham from a popular parrot-cry.

We do not mind that. We have taken, and shall continue to take, a national view of the grave problems that have to be solved. We have always preferred facts to theories, and we shall continue to do so.

We have, we believe, kept faith with our readers since we published a definite statement of our policy three years ago. We have no hesitation in asking our readers to help us now to reach a goal we are determined to achieve.

THE circulation of John Bull is now in the last hundred thousand, climbing steadily towards the million mark. We want to reach that mark soon. We want it, in fact, for a Christmas present, both for ourselves and our readers.

When John Bull touches the million we shall not only be pleased, but we shall be able to offer to our readers a better John Bull than they have ever had before.

We look to them to help us, confident that we shall not look in vain.

We shall do our part. With the help of our readers the triumph of the last hundred thousand will be speedily accomplished. Meanwhile we wish our readers to keep a sharp eye on future issues of John Bull, for they will shortly "learn of something to their advantage."

Hope for Prisoners

A GREAT international penitentiary Congress will be held shortly at the Imperial Institute under the guidance of the Home Secretary and Sir Evelyn Ruggles Brise. Delegates from all countries will speak, examining the advantages and faults of their own systems as compared with those of England.

The very equality of prison treatment is the greatest evil, for what to a moral degenerate is no punishment at all, is annihilation for ever to the man who but once, through a flux of circumstances, has broken the law. Technically he has paid his debt to society when his sentence expires, really he continues to pay all his life.

For a sensitive man who thinks and understands, the utter loss of personality, that begins at once with the horrid formalities of entry, shrivels and kills all pride, and he gradually sinks to the level of a mere brute beast.

Never will imprisonment in its present form act as a deterrent; the "accidental" offender is no criminal, fate had pushed him into the pit: the habitual criminal does not fear it. Worst of all, the warders have a decided liking for the old lag, since thanks to him they get their living. Besides, he knows all the tricks and dodges and they cannot bluff *him*, whereas the shrinking first offender is their easy prey.

From the first a prisoner is told by everyone—not officially of course, but told nevertheless—that he will come back! Once a man has been in prison he is sure to return. It is expected of him, and he probably does.

We look to the coming conference to make practical suggestions that will transform our present prison system into an atmosphere of reformative help.

The Law and the Lodger

IT is clear from our correspondence that many tenants are still woefully ignorant of their rights. On renting rooms they are often told that the house has been "decontrolled" and that the Rent Restriction Acts do not apply.

This is generally balderdash. It cannot be too plainly stated that lodgers in almost every case are entitled to some measure of protection as householders.

There is nothing in the Rent Restriction Acts which provides for the direct punishment of landlords guilty of profiteering in the letting of unfurnished rooms, but the Acts impose a distinct limit beyond which the payment of rent is illegal and irrecoverable at law.

Occupants of furnished rooms are in a rather better position, for by section 10 of the Rent Restriction Act, 1920, the landlord who imposes harsh and unconscionable conditions upon his "furnished" tenants, or extorts an excessive rent, is liable to prosecution.

There is a large number of profiteers in furnished lodgings who ought to be prosecuted, and it is well the penal section of the Act under which they can be brought to book should be known.

1,000—Not Out!

WITH this issue JOHN BULL reaches its thousandth number. It is now world-famous as an open platform for the expression of independent opinion. Our contributor here gives his frank views on the attainment of this new milestone in journalistic history

by A. G. GARDINER

Mr. A. G. Gardiner, the most famous living independent journalist

IT is a great achievement, and the Editor asks me to say quite frankly what I think about it. Is it a good innings, or a bad innings? Ought the player to be hissed off the field or ought he to be encouraged to go on hitting boundaries and scoring all round the wicket? In accepting the invitation, I must point out that I am only concerned about the JOHN BULL under its present editorship, the JOHN BULL as we know it to-day and as we have known it for three years past.

During that time I have been a constant contributor to its columns, and I have enjoyed the experience. Whether the reader has enjoyed it is not for me to say. I fancy I hear mingled cries of "Hear, hear!" and "No, no," and I like to think that the "Hear, hears" have it.

Not written to order

But my own enjoyment of the experience is due to a fact which is not unimportant to the reader. It is due to the fact that the Editor has given me my head—he has let me say what I liked, how I liked, and has imposed no "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not" into the business. It was on those terms that I engaged to write, and it is on those terms I shall continue to write.

I say that this is important to the reader, not because I am important, but because the principle involved is important. That principle is that this paper is an open forum for the expression of any point of view that ought in the public interest to be expressed. It does not apply to me alone. It applies to everybody who contributes.

My neighbour on this page is as free as I am. I glower at the things he says sometimes with entire disapproval, and I am sure that he often glowers at the things I say with equal disapproval.

Whether he or I is more often wrong or right does not matter, but it matters very much that there should be a great popular channel through which all points of view should have free expression. It is particularly important at this time for two reasons.

The public kept in the dark

The first is that the War has disintegrated public thought so much that we don't know where we are or what we think. The old continents have, so to speak, disappeared and new continents have emerged, and we are all more or less like shipwrecked mariners who have got to land and have to reconsider our ideas and rebuild our institutions, and for this to be done wisely we need to have access to disinterested facts and disinterested opinions so that we may have a chance of coming to a right judgment.

The second reason is that the Press to-day has fallen into the hands of half a dozen magnates who control all the material on which public opinion is formed. The independent editor and the independent writer have vanished before a vast commercial institution which gives the public what it chooses and makes it think what it wants it to think.

If Lord Rothermere, Lord Beaverbrook and Sir William Berry were archangels I should still think this was a bad thing. But they are not archangels. They are very ordinary men who look at public affairs from their own interested points of view.

Their only title to the power they hold is the fact that they have got possession of the machine of publicity. They may set out to destroy a government or to impose a certain policy on the country or to discredit a particular man or a particular institution for reasons which may be wholly against the public interest and in regard to which the public may be entirely in the dark.

The peril of despotic power

That seems to me the most serious peril to which a self-governing community like ours can be exposed. The only correction to such a despotic power over the public mind is the existence of weekly independent papers to which the public can look with confidence for the unprejudiced statement of facts and an unbiased presentation of opinion. Unfortunately, most of the weekly papers which do this service appeal to the few, and government is in the hands of the many.

It is the many that must be reached, and I know of no other vehicle that at once reaches so large a public, and reaches it with so free a mind as JOHN BULL. So far as my experience goes it is untrammelled by any private, party or vested interest in regard to any public issue of real importance.

Its columns are open to all views, and those who give them do so in their own persons, so that the reader is in no doubt as to who is responsible for the facts and the opinions that are offered to him. In a word, all the cards are on the table; none of them is up the Editor's sleeve. The public are not doped; they are informed and, being informed, are left to reach their own conclusions.

That is what I think journalism should do. It should not lead the public by the nose, but should be a lamp to its feet. And it is because JOHN BULL does, as it seems to me, fulfil this function in the public life that I regard its astonishing popularity with satisfaction.

It is incomparably the best platform for reaching the general public that exists in the Press, for its audience is not merely the largest, but it is the most mixed and the most representative of all classes.

If I might give the Editor a suggestion, it would be that he should develop this attribute of the paper. We want above everything a clearing-house of ideas where every point of view is given a hearing, where all the facts and not merely selected facts are obtainable, and where the single interest kept steadily in view is the public interest.

A national institution

I have emphasised this aspect because I think that it is as the vehicle of popular opinion on urgent public affairs that its usefulness as well as its enduring success must be founded. There is much in it that does not appeal to me, and I find in it still traces of old tendencies of its earlier days that I could do without.

But it has the priceless virtues of fearlessness and independence. It is tied to no vested interest, governed by no prejudice of Party, class or cause, is free from any corrupt motive and serves the public faithfully. It is already a national institution, and I see no reason why in the future it should not be one of the greatest formative influences in the national life.

Every day the roads of this country are being blood-stained by road-hogs

The Cad

THE owners of motor-cars are increasing by about 2,000 a week, or 101,000 a year. Motor-cyclists are increasing by 78,000 a year. Accidents increase appallingly. In the first three months of this year 185 persons were killed in London alone. Of 210 accidents reported during the twelve months ending last March, Sir Henry Maybury, Director-General of Roads at the Ministry of Transport, declares that 118, or more than half, were due to carelessness.

Sir H. Maybury, K.C.M.G., who declares that most road accidents are caused by carelessness

It is easy to say, and it is quite true, that, in proportion to the number of cars on the roads, the number of accidents is not large. But it is equally certain that the accidents due to carelessness, whether they number 118 or only ten, ought to be prevented. If there were only one child killed in a year, it would be one too many. Indeed, if the occurrence were unique, we should hear a great deal more about that single case than we hear of the hundreds which are likely to be recorded this year.

The picture papers would print photographs of the victim and of its bereaved mother and father. We should be told of their grief and their unavailing tears. The solitary case would receive as much attention from the Press as a murder. The public would be loudly clamorous in their protests and their demands for exemplary punishment.

THE fact that these homicides happen every day has blunted the public sense of horror and anger, and the occurrence is treated as a commonplace and unavoidable "accident." But the killing of somebody's child, or of somebody's father or mother, if it be due to neglect of reasonable precaution and care, is never a commonplace and unavoidable accident. It is a crime, and as a crime it should be treated by the law.

Accidents which *are* accidents may happen to the most skilful and considerate of drivers. Sometimes they are due to skidding on a greasy road, sometimes to a punctured tyre, and very often to the carelessness not of the motorist but of the victim.

It is obvious that in these cases no blame d

The King's Rebuke

THERE is at the present time the danger of laying too much emphasis on keeping clean the outside of the platter. Slum dwellings are a disgrace to the age in which we live, and there is too much leniency displayed towards slum landlords who fatten on their ill-gotten gains

by "A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER"

His Majesty the King, who takes a personal interest in the tidiness of open spaces

THE reference of His Majesty the King to the "unsightly litter" which disfigures so many of our public parks, commons, and recreation-grounds, was welcomed with a chorus of approval by all the newspapers of the country. The phrase "unsightly litter" has now passed into the language. Correspondents are still addressing vigorous letters to various editors on this important matter. The whole nation, one may say, seems to be united in its determination to end an intolerable scandal.

How easy an empty bottle at the foot of an oak tree, or a crumpled paper-bag on the clipped edge of a flower-bed, can throw the British lion into a fit of moral indignation!

Like most of my countrymen, I was glad to read the wise and useful words of the King, that excellent public servant, and glad to see how the newspapers took the matter up and ran it as something of a stunt.

A distorted outlook

But I could not help wondering why this voluble enthusiasm should be provoked by a reference to the "unsightly litter" in public parks when it seems impossible to get any enthusiasm at all out of these same newspapers, or out of the general public, for certain other "unsightly litter" which is strewn all over our beautiful countryside. I refer to the working-class quarters of our industrial cities, and the atrocious slums which impudently describe themselves as mining villages.

A broken bottle or a crumpled paper-bag is an ugly thing in any other place except a dustbin; it is almost as much out of place in a park or a garden as Mr. Epstein's crude and coarse figure of the exquisite little Rima is out of place as a memorial to Hudson's genius; but there is this to be said about a broken bottle in a public park, it does not damage the mind or degrade the human soul.

On the contrary, unsightly litter in a public park has the effect of annoying decent people, working them up, disturbing their equanimity, energising them so much that they even write letters to the newspapers on the scandal of such contempt for proper behaviour on the part of other people.

Moral and physical murder

But the slum, which does not annoy comfortable people, and does not induce æsthetic people to address angry letters to the Press, is something much more than a blot on the landscape. It is a challenge to natural law and a scandal to our humanity. It is not harmless, like a broken bottle, but an active agent for evil.

It robs children of sunshine and pure air; it sucks like a vampire at the vitality of hard-working men and women; it breathes a corrupting breath on the natural moral instincts of humanity; and it breeds as many sins and crimes as illnesses and diseases.

From end to end of these islands you find millions of people condemned to live their lives in surroundings which can truly be called "unsightly litter."

Add up the number of people who live in such unnatural conditions, and you will find that a vast proportion of our proud British nation is housed in slums, and surrounded by hideousness, clamour and defilement.

Someone has littered the most beautiful islands in the world with these unsightly slums. These things have been deliberately fastened upon the earth by unconscionable men who had no other thought in their minds than making money out of the necessities of their poorer neighbours.

Go to Wales, and you will find depressing and monotonous villages built, for the sake of cheapness, on a mountain side never visited by the sun, although the opposite side of the valley, shining like a jewel in heaven's light, stood ready for the builder's enterprise. Go to Lanarkshire, and you will find families huddled together in earthen-floored hovels which would sicken an African negro. Penetrate into the "working-class quarters" of the Black Country, and you will find conditions which no farmer would tolerate for his cattle.

The worst offender

Now if the reveller is to be an object of public condemnation for leaving his unsightly litter in Ken Wood or Richmond Park, what is to be said of the man who litters the country with inhuman slums and makes money out of them? If the one is a social offender, the other is clearly a criminal. Ask medical men which of these twain is the greater enemy of his country, and you will find that their indignation against the slum landlord is so hot that they have no time even to consider the case of the man who leaves cake-crumbs in the grass of Wimbledon Common.

For them the wizened face of a rickety child or the inflamed skin of a drunken mother is much more than many broken bottles and many paper-bags. But how few newspapers devote leading articles to this form of "unsightly litter," and how few correspondents address indignant letters to editors on selfishness of slum landlords.

It is a pity that we have so little sense of proportion. We overload industry with taxation and rates at a moment when it is utterly unable to compete with the foreigner. We raise an outcry against "unsightly litter" in the parks, and leave our villainous slums to go on breeding people who can see nothing wrong in getting drunk or throwing bottles out of a charabanc.

Follow Nature's laws

It is really of small avail for a few newspapers to exercise their æsthetic sense in denouncing the unsightly litter which disfigures our public parks while the moral sense of the nation remains unexercised against social and domestic conditions which are positively suicidal. Nothing can save a nation from the inevitable retribution of outraged Nature but a determined effort to order its ways according to the plain laws of Nature.

At present our health authorities are only tinkering. What we need is an entirely new attitude towards natural law, and also a fresh understanding of the Golden Rule.

When our heart cries out against the cruelty of robbing a slum child of sunlight and pure air, when we feel that we are responsible for the health and happiness of that child, and when we put out an iron hand to arrest any man who would exploit the poor in any shape or form, then we shall be safe, and can turn our moral indignation against broken bottles and paper-bags with a clear conscience, and also with no fear that we are making ourselves ridiculous.

the Car

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON ("Dangle")

penalty should be attached to the driver. The urgent business of our administrators of justice is to distinguish between the fatality which was beyond human control and the injury inflicted by the motorist through incompetence, insobriety, or sheer recklessness.

THIS distinction is not always easy to establish. Speed is not a crucial factor: an experienced driver may be going at thirty or forty miles an hour on a straight, open road, with less risk than a nervous novice floundering through a village at the rate of five or ten. It is this insistence on mere speed as evidence of "driving to the public danger" which has made police-traps on open roads a mock to experienced motorists.

What clearly is needed is that more severe deterrents in the form of imprisonment should be applied by the courts in cases of casualties clearly due to incompetence or negligence. Another obvious need is compulsory insurance, as proposed by Lord Russell's Bill, against the risk of injury to other cars, cycles or persons.

But what is needed most of all is common sense and infinite regard for the dangers and inconveniences to which the lucky owner of a car or motor-cycle exposes the less fortunate.

A barrister M.P. who was charged the other day with cutting in and out of suburban traffic at the rate of forty to forty-five miles an hour pleaded that he could not have been doing more than twenty-five to thirty miles an hour, as he was engaged at the time in "memorising notes from political debates" and listening to his wife, who was reading to him from "Hansard." The man was fined £3 and gave notice of appeal.

But surely a man driving in a London suburb at even twenty-five miles an hour should devote the whole of his attention to his job. He not only has his own car to mind, but he should be constantly watching "what the other fools are doing."

ABOVE all, he has to exercise ceaseless vigilance for the movements of pedestrians, and especially for the sudden darting of the ubiquitous children to whom the street is the only available playground. If an "accident" happens the fault may legally be the child's, but the conscientious motorist will feel that he ought, by intense concentration on his work, to have provided for the possible vagaries of youth's inexperience and irresponsibility.

Noblesse oblige. A cad may own a motor-car, but it needs a gentleman to use it.

In the cool of the evening

take your ease in the twilight and enjoy a Manikin. Watch the curling smoke floating in the cool evening breeze!

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GOOD NEWS FOR WIVES

SCIENTISTS are finding out more about electricity, and shortly we shall be wondering what cannot be done by its use

by Sir HUGO HIRST, Bart.

WHAT used to be regarded as a luxury of the rich has now become the necessity of the poor—electrical power in the home—and I am convinced that within the next five years the domestic uses of electricity will be so popularly developed that the housewife's burden will be more than halved.

Day after day the average woman is having her nerves frayed and—unfortunately for her husband—her temper embittered by a thousand-and-one petty annoyances that crowd the walls and gather in the rooms of her house. I am sure that the bother of lighting the morning fire alone takes ten years off the life of a woman!

Soul-destroying drudgery

Then there is the additional work which she has to face. The smoky fire fails to warm the room, but succeeds in covering everything with a fine layer of smuts, which are replaced immediately after they are dusted away, and always there is the inevitable ash to be removed and the everlastingly untidy fireplace to be swept.

It is, of course, difficult for the mere man to understand the monotonous routine which constitutes "life" for the average housewife. The soul-destroying drudgery of a decade ago still flings its blight on the womanhood of to-day. That which is home for the man is often a drab workhouse of never-ending toil for the woman.

Into such homes when electricity is introduced all is changed. Working hours are cut in half; the work that kills the soul and destroys the body is reduced to manageable proportions; toil-scarred woman finds time and inclination for rest and recreation.

By applying electricity to domesticity practically everything that is done by manual or mechanical power, at high cost of money and nerve-tissue, can be accomplished more easily and more quickly. I can visualise a home completely revolutionised by electricity.

Washing-up, the dreaded finale of every meal, is done by pressing a button. An electric iron puts the required stiffness into linen at less trouble than the old-fashioned flat iron. In fact, from the front door, where a bell rings even when a letter is dropped in the letter-box, to the scullery, electricity performs apparent domestic miracles.

In the past the use of electricity has been mainly confined to lighting, but cooking and heating have since harnessed this new power, while all sorts of miscellaneous "gadgets" are electrically controlled, and that which has stood in the way is now being removed.

The chief difficulty has been due to the fact that the undertakings of the country have grown rapidly, and, therefore, it has not had time to organise itself properly. The result is that there are about 700 power-stations scattered all over the country doing the work, in varied ways, which should be done by half a dozen main stations in one way.

There are private and municipal electrical undertakings, the majority serving small areas. In some areas the electricity is used mainly for domestic use and in others for industrial purposes, with the result that the plant is only in full use for a comparatively short period. This leads to high production costs, resulting in the average charge for lighting being about 6d. per unit, whereas if properly organised it should only be 1½d.

In addition to this difficulty there is the foolishness of a multiplicity of voltages. This means that the manufacturer is not able to adopt mass-production methods and thus reduce the cost of apparatus. As an instance, there are streets in London where there are two or three different voltages.

How to cheapen production

These two difficulties are to be removed. The Government is in favour of a standardised scheme of electrification, one of the chief points of which will be the centralisation of power to a few big stations and the introduction of a standard voltage all over the country. This will not only make more power available at lower capital cost, but will cheapen distribution and apparatus.

The supply of electricity in the London area has been in the hands of nearly eighty authorities, which has involved a capital investment of over £30,000,000. If the engineers of any one company were given the chance of a modern lay-out of one big power-station they could, for less than half that capital, give a bigger output at a considerably reduced cost of production.

Sir Hugo Hirst, Chairman and Managing Director of the General Electric Coy.

And so I feel confirmed in my conviction that within five years domestic electricity will be a common factor in the working lives of our homes. This will mean cleaner homes, purer food and a healthier nation.

The decreasing joint

So far as food alone is concerned, were not statistics and percentages such dry material for mental consumption in this holiday weather, I could produce figures that would cause a sensation. It is now a well-known fact that against a loss of nearly one-quarter the weight of a joint when cooked in ordinary coal-fire ovens, that in the case of an electric cooker is only about one-tenth. It is also well to remember that there are no fumes with electric cookers or fires.

There is no end to the domestic uses of electricity. We are standing at the dawn of the electrical age. Electricity will be harnessed to the needs of humanity so that all classes will benefit.

Wooden Legs in the Cupboard

by Major T. H. HAGUE

(Hon. President, National Union of Disabled Ex-Service Men)

IT is well known that the Ministry of Pensions is responsible that each man who lost a limb whilst on active service is fitted with an artificial limb of an approved pattern, and an additional limb is also issued to be used in case of emergency; but it will be news to most people to learn that many of these limbs presented by a grateful country to men so cruelly maimed in its defence are stowed away in cupboards.

MANY have made the painful experiment, but have found it easier to hobble through life on a crutch than wear a wooden limb which was not only unserviceable, but caused perpetual agony.

The victims are men with below-knee amputations. Those whom one might almost call "fortunate" in having lost limbs from above the knee are more happily placed, for they may be fitted with the new light metal limbs.

The Ministry of Pensions have not made the issue of metal limbs general, and in a letter which Sir A. Lisle Webb, Director-General of Medical Services, recently addressed to me, he justifies the official attitude in these words:

"The Minister's advisers," he wrote, "are unanimously of opinion that the metal leg for below-knee amputation in most cases has few advantages over the wooden leg. Instructions have consequently been given that metal legs should only be supplied when found necessary on account of surgical reasons which primarily demand that the pensioner should be supplied with the lightest possible leg."

THIS explanation provides the strongest possible reason why the issue of metal limbs should be made general.

But there is another side to the story, and that is the view of those most concerned. Here is the first-hand testimony of a London business man who, after seven years' experience with a wooden limb, was fitted with a metal one:—"It is a wonderful improvement. I am able to do a strenuous day's work in the City without the least fatigue. Formerly, I used to drag myself home utterly exhausted."

THE difference between twelve inches of wood and the same length of light metal may seem small. To the disabled man it is the difference between happiness and misery.

Promises were made that those who bore the burden and heat of the battle should not be forgotten. There is no reason to think that the public desire to shirk their obligation. The House of Commons made it clear in a recent debate that the question of unnecessary economy does not arise when the well-being of the war-disabled is at stake.

The concession will not entail any serious expenditure, and the country will be amply repaid in giving greater happiness and increased efficiency to so many who have deserved well of their country.

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THE COAL CRISIS

WHAT can save the nation from industrial bankruptcy is the scrapping of the methods of the past, recognising that individual effort only can avail

by LORD ASKWITH, K.C.B.

FOR years now, I am convinced, we have been tackling the industrial troubles of the country from the wrong standpoint. We have in the settlement of disputes been too engrossed in immediate, selfish interests to give a thought to the future, and to take any reasonable step to prevent a recurrence of troubles.

Employers and workpeople have not been pulling in the same direction. They have each been striving for the same object—peace in industry—but it has so happened that in their efforts to gain that object, each has been practically nullifying the efforts of the other, with the result that we are no nearer peace in industry than we were four or five years ago.

A peace that will last

My acquaintance with the industrial difficulties of the country has shown me that there is a very great deal more in securing a lasting satisfactory peace than the reducing or increasing of wages, or even Parliamentary interference, and I am convinced that it lies with industry alone to achieve its own salvation.

Briefly, I would say that remedies lie in a 2s. drop per ton in the average cost of production in the coal industry, in reducing freights in railway transport, and the securing of a reasonable return for present and new capital.

Manufactures and transport cannot do without coal, and the production of coal is of no value unless it can be sold at a reasonable figure for manufacturing, shipping and export.

At the present time, the production of coal does not pay the industry, and the price is too high for the maintenance of exports. Taking it all round, there is no doubt that a drop of 2s. in the cost of production would be of immense value practically to every industry in the country, enabling, as it would, an all-round reduction in cost of production.

The Government has acted with great wisdom in bringing the miners and owners together, for while the parties refused to meet there could only ensue and aggravation of the situation. Industrial disputes end round the negotiating table—by beginning there trouble can be avoided.

Taxgatherer the bugbear

In the matter of output, the wave of slackness so noticeable two or three years ago may be passing off. In some cases we are catching up the Germans, but ca'-canny or laziness, either by employers or employed, is bound to cause trouble and to have a bad effect upon production.

The margin of capital available for employment is very much less than it was before the war, and that margin must be increased if new enterprises are to be undertaken. There is no incentive for obtaining capital if it is to be paid to the tax-gatherer, either imperial or municipal.

Talk it over

The portion spent on luxury is very much smaller in the main than is generally supposed. Capital is obtained by thrift on the part of millions of individuals. Banks, by themselves, have little or none, but they collect capital from the customers, and the mass is made up by innumerable small contributions.

Taking it all round, co-operation and hard work are the axioms of success, and co-operation and hard work alone will bring industrial peace. In the coal industry, I would say to the disputants: "Sit there and talk. You will only improve the conditions in your industry by reducing the cost of production. Start with 2s. a ton, and see how you can bring that reduction about!"

Lord Askwith, K.C.B., arbitrator in many trade disputes

The same may be done in any industry. Too often the parties find themselves at loggerheads, with neither side very clear as to what exactly is wanted.

The issue clouded

The parties are too prone to forget that their own prosperity depends entirely upon the prosperity of the industry, and that if they draw more out of that industry than they put in or that it can afford, industrial bankruptcy can only result.

We are far from industrial bankruptcy, of course; but present methods and a continuance of the endless industrial disputes will not make that disastrous eventuality any the farther off.

It is up to each individual; and the individual alone, by the mass result of individual export, can save the future of our country.

Justice in Kid Gloves

Pampering the Young Offender

by ROWLAND C. SHELDON

(Executive Secretary, International Big Brother and Big Sister Federation)

YEARS of association with both young and old offenders compel me to admit that we can be too lenient and sympathetic with them, and that the mistake, in the case of young offenders, is almost as much a crime as the offence with which they may be charged.

This danger is heightened by the growing practice of dealing with the young offender behind locked doors, and without the dignity and formality that characterises the law. The bedrock principle of the practice is good, I am convinced, because the child who takes the warning continues life without the handicap of any stigma.

THERE is no doubt that justice can easily be construed into pampering for the young offender, but, on the other hand, the opposite extreme is so close that a middle course that will be the most merciful and yet safest is difficult to find.

We read of youths being sent to Borstal institutions, and most of us haven't the slightest idea to what they are going. The treatment there is wise, and is based on wide experience, but in it lies the pitfall of association of good and bad.

A youth is not necessarily bad because he goes to Borstal, but I am convinced that if he goes in comparatively clean, he will come out with a lot more acquired evil than is born in the worst of us.

A BOY I know stole a pair of boots in a little Western town. He was put on probation, but not long after stole again. In each case he pleaded necessity. Work was found for him, and amongst his companions he soon learned that he did not need to steal only the things required from necessity.

Again he landed in court, and this time what is called Borstal in England awaited him. He went away comparatively innocent, but he came back knowing as much about the worst side of life as his companions in Borstal had been able to teach him. Now he is in prison.

But let me tell another true story—this time instancing the only middle course of treatment which I can see as practicable.

The story concerns the federation of which I am secretary, and which comprises the members of most of the notable religious and social organisations in America. The members constitute themselves big brothers and big sisters of young offenders, or of children pointed out by parents or teachers as possible offenders of the future. The children are visited, and the visits are returned. Outings are arranged for them, and, after school, jobs are found for them. Already the system has had wonderful results. Here is the instance I mentioned.

A youth came into court and was dealt with privately for some mischievous pranks. We were called in and undertook to take care of the boy for a year. I got him a job—in my own office, as a matter of fact—and, although many times he had the handling of considerable sums of money, he proved himself worthy of confidence.

WHEN the year had expired, my wife spoke to him on the matter and said: "Robert, when you had all that money in your possession why didn't you bolt with it?" His reply was, "I felt like it, but always I thought of what Mr. Sheldon would think of me, and I just couldn't do it then."

The course we advocate is that young offenders, before being stigmatised through having to appear in court, should be given such opportunities of proving themselves under the care of such an organisation as ours. If the opportunity is not taken, let the boy go into court by all means, and let the punishment be severe enough to give him a good and lasting impression of what lies in store for him if he doesn't mend his ways.

, K.C.B., arbitrator in trade disputes

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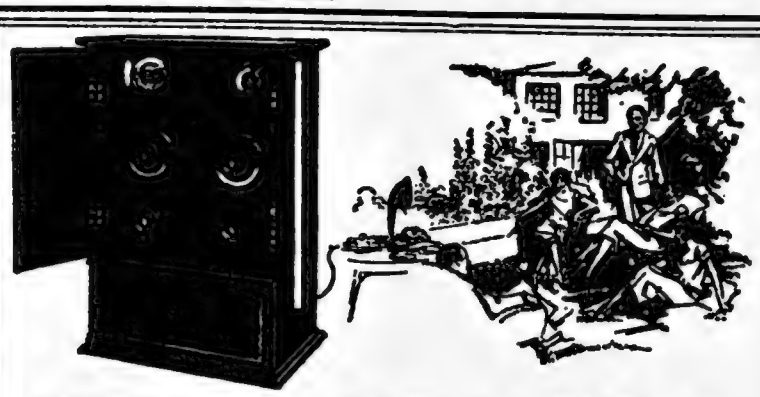

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Words Winged to Women

Arrested for Asking the Time!

A Woman's Penalty

by **MABEL HORNER**

ONE day before the Great War ended a pretty girl of eighteen, living in the country, received a letter from her cousin, a young lieutenant in the Army. He wrote that, being in London for a few hours, would she come up for a day, and they would have tea together and a few hours at some entertainment before he entrained? Of course she went.

The arrangement was that she must proceed to a certain hotel and wait in the lounge until he arrived. The boy was unavoidably delayed and the girl grew anxious. She wondered if among the number of young officers passing in and out one should be her cousin and they fail to recognise each other as they had not met since childhood. So she plucked up courage, and selecting a likely looking young man enquired if by chance he was Lieutenant So-and-so. This she did three times, only to be met by a shake of the head or a smiling denial.

THEN came the startling upshot. A policeman decided it was time to interfere. He spoke to her. When she explained he demanded to see the letter making the appointment. She had not got it, and to her horror found herself arrested for soliciting. She was taken to a police-station and there she sat until her cousin, gaining information of what had happened, set off to her relief.

The story might be regarded as part of the hysteria which prevails in times of war but for the appalling truth that this thing is so frequenrly happening.

A short time ago a respectable married woman was arrested in a London thoroughfare, and spent a night in the cells before her friends accomplished her release. The girl had set off to meet another young married friend, and when the latter did not turn up she had asked one or two men what time it was.

As the law stands it is actively dangerous for any woman to speak, on any grounds whatsoever, to an unknown man whom she may meet. She renders herself liable to summary arrest for "molestation." Even where that charge may possibly be true, the present position flies in the teeth of ordinary ideas of British justice by discriminating against one class of person, and also by permitting conviction for a grave offence on the evidence of a single police officer without any further proof.

THE law makes the task of the police in keeping order in our streets and parks almost intolerable. They have good intentions, but they cannot always be certain that a person has been annoyed. The curious thing is that when recently a number of men were convicted of annoying women in Hyde Park a number of convictions were quashed on appeal. It was urged that where a charge involves so serious a stain upon character the evidence of the person annoyed should be obtained.

Actually between five and six thousand women are convicted under this law every year, a terrible number of which few persons think. And justice is needed for the most unfortunate class of women just as much as for the rest of the community. This justice would be given if the small Bill, introduced by Lady Astor—namely, The Public Places (Order) Bill—were passed into law.

It repeals the existing law relating to women who can fairly be described as "common prostitutes," it applies the law to all persons alike who wilfully cause annoyance in public places, and it lays down that nobody can be taken into custody for annoyance except by, or on behalf of, the person annoyed.

Lady Astor, M.P., who is introducing a Bill to prevent innocent women being charged with soliciting.

THE present law is nearly one hundred years old. Ideas have changed since then. We have a stronger sense of justice.

If this new Bill ever passes on to the Statute-book it will be because the women of the country demand that there is fair play for women all round. In any case, the least that any enfranchised woman can do is to acquaint herself immediately with the facts.

A Living Wage for All!

Subsidizing the Cradle

by **ELEANOR RATHBONE,** *M.A., J.P., Member of the Liverpool City Council*

AT the root of nearly every industrial dispute, including that between the coalowners and the miners which threatens to paralyse industry, lies the desire of the workers for a "living wage." But what is a "living wage"? Most people will confidently reply, "One on which a man can live and bring up a family respectably." But this answer ignores the fact that the numbers in "a family" may vary from two to ten or twelve.

IT is usually assumed that the average or typical family consists of man, wife and three dependent children. But the census of 1921 showed that in England and Wales at the time it was taken under 7 per cent. of men over twenty had families of this type. Over half the men had not even one child under sixteen.

On the other hand, of the children under sixteen, over 37 per cent. belonged to families with more than three children. These figures merely illustrate the obvious fact that you cannot meet "living needs" by averaging them.

If a mother has five hungry children to feed, it is no consolation to her to be told that her husband's wage would be just enough for an imaginary "typical family" with three. Again, our best economists have shown repeatedly that the wealth of this country is not sufficient at present, whatever it may be in the future, to pay to every adult man a wage that would keep a family of five at the standard of modest comfort.

Even if wealth were to be more drastically redistributed between rich and poor that the extremest Socialist thinks practicable, there would barely be enough to do it. The figures which show this have not been disputed by any reputable statistician of any political Party.

How, then, can a "living wage" be secured? Only by abandoning the ridiculous fiction of "the typical family" and providing for real human beings instead of imaginary ones. This can be done by supplementing wages with allowances for children, and possibly also for their mothers.

THIS is not a fancy idea. It was done during the war when separation allowances were paid to soldiers' wives. It is being done to-day in ordinary industry by Continental countries. In France, Belgium, Germany and Austria all the employees of the State and municipalities and the majority of the employees in industry receive from their employers allowances for their children.

The reader may ask, Does not the system lead employers to avoid employing men with children?

No, because an ingenious system has been devised to meet this danger. The allowances are not paid by employers individually, but out of an "equalisation fund," to which each employer contributes in proportion either to the total number of his employees or to the total amount of his wages bill.

Is the system fair to the unmarried man? If A's work is worth as much as B's, why should B get more money because he has children?

Quite fair, because the allowances are not part of the man's wage. They are in recognition of the value of children to industry as its future workers and to the State as its future citizens.

BUT would employers over here ever agree to pay such allowances? Why not? Their foreign rivals do it, because they find that it results in greater well-being and contentment among the workers.

The French and Belgian trade unions at first disliked and distrusted the system. But it proved so popular among their members that they are now demanding that family allowances should be made universal and compulsory.

There are other ways of providing family allowances besides the device of the equalisation fund. The allowances might be paid for by compulsory insurance, the State, the employer and the worker each paying a weekly sum.

Or, again, they might be provided wholly by the State. But the cost of this would be so great that no Chancellor of the Exchequer would incur it all at once. One of the other methods must come first, before a complete scheme of national family endowment can be hoped for.

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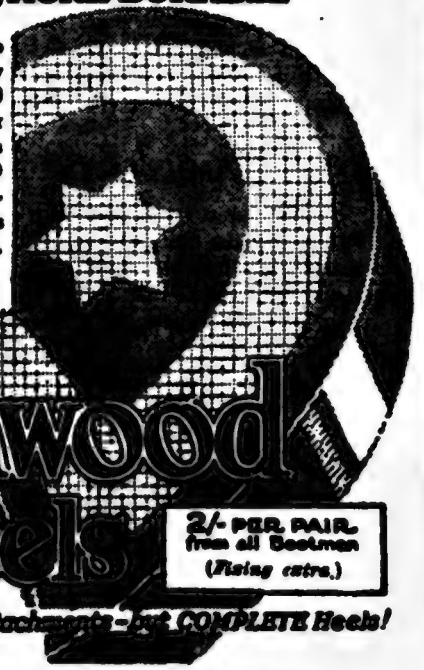

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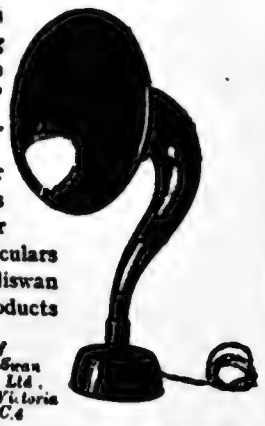

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"I AM twenty-eight years old. By hard work I have reached nearly to the top of my profession locally, and I hold an influential position in this town. I am married, and am the father of a dear little boy.

"During the five years of our married life my wife and I have never been really happy, unless the delirious excitement of the few weeks of our honeymoon could be called happiness. As soon as we began to settle down to workaday life a rift in the lute appeared, and we have since slowly but surely drifted apart.

"It began with a misunderstanding regarding a love affair of mine before I met my wife, but busybodies with wagging tongues brought it to her notice. Her imagination magnified it into a grand passion, and before long she became obsessed with the idea that when I married her my heart was irrevocably given to another.

"I must admit that I am partly to blame for this sad state of things. In struggling to realise my worldly ambitions I have not, I own, given the time and attention to my wife which she had a right to expect. I conceived it to be my duty to achieve a good position as early as possible in life, for her sake. I have done this but have lost her love.

"I DISCOVERED that she had formed an attachment for a young man whom I had welcomed in my house as a friend. My repeated absences from home in the evenings and at week-ends rendered it an easy matter for them to slip into confidences and secrecies from which I was excluded, and I became aware of the situation only just in time to prevent their elopement.

"My own fault? Very largely, perhaps. My wife had often told me her affection would wither if I followed the course I was taking and neglected her, but I thought she understood my ambitions and appreciated my desire to lay all my achievements at her feet.

"For the sake of our boy I forgave her and have tried to forget, but the canker of mistrust and mutual suspicion has destroyed the flower of our happiness.

"It is hard to live together in harmony now, she wondering whether I have really forgiven, I doubting whether I can trust, both conscious of a gulf between us, neither able to forget."

"Humanist" says:—*You can be really happy if you will really forgive. The canker that is destroying your happiness is the incompleteness of your forgiveness. The Divine attribute implies absolution, a blotting-out of the record of the fault pardoned.*

"I AM twenty-three years old and since I was sixteen I have kept house for my father and three younger brothers.

"I had just left school when mother died, and at sixteen one finds housekeeping very hard. I had not, like most girls, been allowed to help in the home, and at first it was a nightmare. Neighbours took pity on me and showed me how to do the washing and cooking and baking, and at last I became more capable.

The Little Mother

"My father, however, continually found fault, and, to make matters worse, he scolded me before the children, so that it was not long before I found these youngsters of thirteen, nine and seven quite unmanageable. I did my best for them, but when father came home from work they would tell him tales, and often he would thrash me in their presence, so that I lost all authority over them.

"After bearing all sorts of cruelty I left home and took a place as a servant. You can imagine the pickle the house was in without a woman to see to things. For a few months my father had a housekeeper, but she left because she could not stand his temper. In the end he persuaded me to return, much against the wishes of my employers, and I have been back home now for nearly a year.

"Things are again as bad as ever they were. My father seems to have become brutalised, and the three boys, now aged twenty, sixteen and twelve, do nothing to help me. I have to fight my own battles unaided, but I feel I cannot continue much longer. I would sacrifice anything so that my brothers might have a comfortable home, for it has been hard for them without a mother, but I am afraid my strength is failing. Please advise me what I should do."

"Humanist" says: *Leave home and take another situation if you cannot return to your former employers. You have done all you can, and I do not think you are called upon to sacrifice your life for such an unappreciative father. The After-Care Committee will look after your younger brothers.*

"I AM a widower. My wife died six years ago after giving birth to a baby boy. Since she was taken from me my whole life has revolved around my son. I have worked for him and saved for him, thinking only of his future.

Widower's Perplexity

"Lately a new interest has crept into my heart, a woman, a widow with one boy a few months older than my own. I love her, not with the passionate love I gave my wife, but with a steady affection which I feel will last. Yet I fear to marry her lest by doing so I should destroy my son's happiness.

"The woman is very impatient with children. She loves her child because he is her own, but I am afraid that with another woman's child she would be less tolerant. My little boy is very delicate and nervous. While I am away I can safely leave him in the care of a woman who has tended him from birth and is devoted to his welfare, but if I marry I fear his stepmother may not humour his little fads, but may unconsciously perhaps be cruel to him.

"It would distress me beyond measure to see my boy misunderstood and miserable, yet I feel the need of companionship for myself. Am I justified in risking my son's future happiness for the sake of my own comfort?"

"Humanist" says: *If you cannot trust the woman sufficiently to feel assured that she will give a woman's tender care to your motherless boy, and you fear that even unconsciously she could be cruel to him, I do not see how you can hope for comfort and happiness if you marry her. Better endure your heart-hunger than risk greater grief.*

"I AM married to a man who is very severe and strict, but unfortunately like many such he seems to find it hard to forgive a fault.

An Unforgiving Spirit

"When we were first married we had my young brother living with us. One night my husband discovered that some money was missing from a cashbox which he kept in the house belonging to a fund of which he was treasurer.

"It was my brother who had taken it and absconded. We did not see or hear of him again for nearly six months. Then he returned and begged for forgiveness, promising to work hard and repay the money by instalments. My husband's indignation boiled up afresh, and he turned the lad from the house with bitter reproaches.

"That was nearly four years ago, and my husband has not seen my brother since. He has even forbidden me to mention his name. Yet I have allowed him to come to the house. I don't like the deception, but I feel I cannot cast my brother off entirely. How can I overcome my husband's unforgiving spirit?"

"Humanist" says:—*One thing lacking in your story is evidence of effort on your brother's part to make restitution. Let him restore the money and his plea for forgiveness may seem unanswerable, even to such a stern exponent of justice as your husband.*

A Man's Obligation

"I am a man with no legal parents—in other words, an illegitimate son. I earn barely enough to support my wife and I would like to know whether you consider I am under any obligation to maintain my mother, who has fallen on hard times."

"Humanist" says:—*You may not be legally liable for her maintenance, but, after all, she is your mother, and if she gave you a woman's tender care in your infancy I think you are under a moral obligation to help her all you can when she is in distress.*

A Bad Boy Scout

"My little boy of ten is a most brazen-faced liar and apparently an incorrigible thief. He even steals the money to pay his subscription to the Boy Scouts, spending what I give him for the purpose."

"Humanist" says: *In the first place you should ask his scoutmaster to give him a good talking to. If that is of no avail, Dr. Crichton Miller has a clinic for delinquent children at 51, Tavistock Square, W.C., and he may be able to help you.*

Taking the Wrong Turning

"A girl friend of mine, only sixteen, is getting into the habit of staying out sometimes till the early hours of the morning, and excusing herself to her parents by saying that she has been at my home. She asks me to back her up if they should make enquiries."

"Humanist" says: *Your chum seems to be taking the wrong turning, and you can best show your friendship by making it difficult for her. Make it clear to her that you must tell the truth, and urge her to consider the consequences of her conduct.*

No Holidays

"I have worked continuously for three years as a waitress, hours 8.30 a.m. till 5.30 p.m., without a holiday. Feeling run down, I asked for a week off without payment, but my employer refuses."

"Humanist" says: *You cannot compel your employer to let you take a holiday. Your only remedy is to look for a situation where you will be more considerately treated.*

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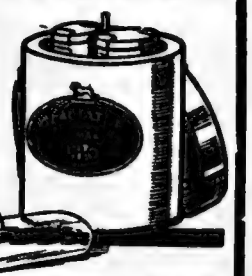

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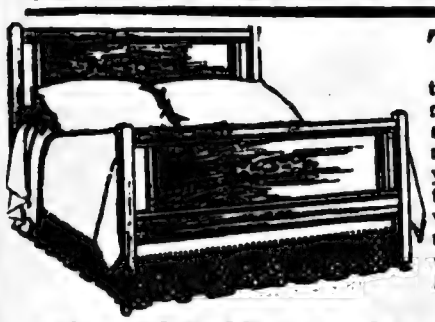

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Company Meeting.

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The 34th annual general meeting of Furness, Withy and Co., Ltd., was held at Furness House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

Sir Frederick W. Lewis, Bt., who presided, said that it was a source of satisfaction to the directors to be able to present a comparatively satisfactory balance sheet. Under the conditions that had prevailed, it was but natural that they had not derived a great deal of advantage from those of their associated companies which were purely ship-owning companies, but other allied undertakings had continued to prosper, and those varied ramifications were a source of great strength to them. The steamship services had been well maintained. Wherever developments had justified expansion, they had not hesitated to provide additional tonnage, even at the cost of building at present high prices. They had just taken delivery of a new beautifully appointed passenger and cargo vessel named the Newfoundland, built for the Liverpool, Halifax, and St. Johns trade.

It was a matter of great regret to the directors that circumstances had compelled them recently to place some of their shipbuilding work abroad. They had been quoted a price from the Continent which was £60,000 per ship cheaper than the lowest tender in this country, and, although they had exhausted every possible effort to retain the business here, even to the extent of offering British builders a higher price than that quoted on the Continent, the difference was altogether too great to be bridged. Even in the case of the lowest British tender, it provided for the motor engines being built abroad.

Since the war the Company had contracted for and built in this country 280,000 tons of shipping, including four vessels now on the stocks. That excluded 85,000 tons of British-built standard and other ships purchased by them. They had within the past few weeks called for tenders for high-class Diesel-engined cargo liners, and he regretted to say that the result was so disappointing that, if they were to pay proper regard to economic conditions and to the shareholders' interests, they would be compelled to defer placing the orders.

The report was adopted.

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Snatched from the Grave

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The Uplift of Hope

Mr. Philip Inman gives yet another example of what hope is to a dying man. I feel perfectly sure that many a death has been premature because the patient has felt there was nothing worth living or fighting for—nothing to hope for. Without hope in the heart of the patient the work of the physician or surgeon becomes intricate and difficult. It is the hope in life that makes it worth living.—*Mrs. Burrows, N.W.*

A Shining Example

Mr. Philip Inman's article, "An Amazing Death-bed Drama," tends to raise the nobler qualities of all who read it, and sets a glorious example to the young. He has shown what the loving faith and sacrifice of a good woman can do, and has brought to light a magnificent human drama that would otherwise have been lost.—*F. Downes, Bristol.*

Unfaltering Faith

What an inspiring article was the "Death-bed Drama." To me, it was another instance of deep grief being turned into joy, through the persons concerned having the faith that in this world is a Power—call it what you like—which listens to our prayers and grants what we desire, if for our good. That this young lady prayed for the recovery of her lover we cannot doubt, and the result is that these two will never tire of telling what prayer coupled with faith has done for them.—*F. Baron, Blackburn.*

How to Kill Hate

Some years ago I came across a similar case to that of the "Amazing Death-bed Drama," where a woman saved her husband from death by smallpox by an almost miraculous power of love after the doctor had given him up. But why should this power be deemed a miracle? It is at the disposal of all who will obey the spiritual laws which govern it. It seems to be a counterpoise to the power of hatred expressed in dropping a gas bomb which will kill thousands of innocent people.—*F. W. S., Bishops Tawton.*

The Power Within Us

Mr. Philip Inman's story shows how will-power by sufferer and friend can accomplish much, even when physicians have done all they can. I have a case in mind where a wife was given up by doctors after a severe operation, and the patient seemed as though no effort could be made, but, on an appeal by the sorely distressed husband, the wife said, "I will get better," and to the astonishment of all—doctors, nurses and husband—slowly, but surely, she revived, and ultimately recovered.—*R. E., Birmingham.*

Always a Chance

I have never read any story which gripped me so much as Mr. Philip Inman's. I think it ought to be sent to every sick room. "Whilst there's life, there's hope," we know, but in these days it is well to realise that there is no disease from which, at one time or another, miraculous recoveries have not taken place.—*G. Carron, Wealdstone.*

The Coue Cure

I firmly believe that the majority of patients being treated for some ailment do more harm to themselves by ignoring their own power of self-help and suggestion than any number of poisons. They lack the spirit of recovery. The wonderful power of self-help and suggestion as taught by Professor Coué is as yet undreamt of.—*Leslie Leatham, Liverpool.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

P.O. and Money-lending

The Rabbi Israel Mattuck is quite right in saying that the private moneylender will not be put down by legislation, for laws without loopholes are unknown. I suggest the trade unions could help. Many of them are rich. Surely, at reasonable interest, they could help their own members who require financial assistance. Further, why not a money-lending department in the Post Office? It could be made as useful and profitable as the Savings Bank.—*J. C., Liverpool.*

Shameless Shame

One wonders how many similar cases there may be to that described in JOHN BULL of July 18, where a young woman refused to marry and give up her income, preferring to have "a jolly good time." What is England coming to when there are young men and women of the present generation with such ideas of marriage? Are we living in an enlightened twentieth century or have we gone back to the time of Sodom and Gomorrah?—*Pelo, London. N.*

Unwanted Spinsters

With the Widows' and Orphans' Pensions Bill now in prospect, could anything be done to better the position of aged spinsters who, after years of strenuous toil, in supporting one or other of their aged parents, now find themselves friendless and alone? Unable to compete with younger women, without relatives to help them, they are obliged to endure hardships through circumstances over which they had no control.—*A. S., Hinckley.*

Low Wages, Slow Work

Taking a stroll around the country the other day, I saw a farmer reprimanding some men working on a haystack for their slowness. Getting into conversation with them, I learnt that they were paid the princely sum of 22s. per week. Is it to be wondered at that they were slow? This kind of thing forces men to choose the dole. We are told to encourage home produce. Under these conditions?—*L. J. Barnes, Croydon.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"ABERDEEN EVENING EXPRESS":—"A pretty girl was gowned in a soft lace frock worn OVER a large picture HAT of crinoline straw."

"LINCOLNSHIRE ECHO":—"He struck one pig and appeared to STUN it, causing it to RUN ABOUT."

"PEOPLE'S FRIEND":—"ELEPHANTS, STAGS and the majority of the FEATHERED TRIBES realise the relief to be obtained from immersing themselves in water."

"NOTTINGHAM JOURNAL": — "Aircraft must make a stop of 30 MINUTES at each control, with the EXCEPTION of Renfrew, the halt of HALF AN HOUR."

"DAILY CHRONICLE":—"She TORE IT UP because she WANTED TO KEEP IT—although it was only a telegram."

"MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS":—"A man, fully dressed, dived into a LODGE to-day and rescued a girl from drowning."

The Working Man's Freehold

The annual report of the Land Registry shows that there are 289,000 separate titles on the register, of the estimated total value of £300,000,000, and it is evident the system is growing in popularity. The ideal to be aimed at is a complete Government register of all the land in the country, with easy facilities of transfer at low cost. This will encourage the working man to acquire his own freehold.—*W. J. Bakhurst, Enfield.*

Future Fathers

The idea of the Oxford-bagged, affected, empty-headed, ne'er-do-well modern youth as a future father would be almost humorous, were it not so serious. I wonder that so many girls to-day turn their attention and admiration on men so many years their seniors. Perhaps this is as well. It might add to the possibility of stamping out, in time, a form of human being in our midst which is not only an eyesore to any right-thinking person, but a national disgrace.—*E. W. S., Colchester.*

A Baby's Dinner

At the Wembley Exhibition a scale baby-diet is shown, apparently under the auspices of the Ministry of Health. For an infant of twelve months it is laid down that its dinner should consist of an egg, a potato, an orange and a glass of water. As dinner is specified, it is to be presumed there are other meals as well. If these are to be on a proportionate scale, the child would be certainly overfed. Apart from the dietetic question, however, there is the matter of cost. How is a working man to maintain this diet for one infant when there may be half a dozen growing children?—*P. B., London.*

Checking Communism

Now that thousands of ratepayers have obtained tenancies in council houses at high rentals it behoves those with the idea of thrift to bring pressure to arrange for purchase of the houses after a term of years. This will give the comfortable knowledge that rent-money is not going down a bottomless pit. The more owners we have, the stronger is the bulwark against that national discontent which breeds communism.—*Pro Patria, Huddersfield.*

Deaths of Mothers

As a mother, and one who has been made an invalid for life, and undergone two severe operations, I feel that deaths in childbirth will not lessen until these things are done: husbands taught how to treat wives before and after child-birth, and the need for care: only properly qualified women allowed to act as maternity nurses; proper attention and supervision by the doctor, who too often relies on the nurse's word. These three things are the essentials in order to get better for mother and child. Many cancer cases begin this way, I am certain.—*Mother of Beds.*

What is a Baby?

In Bullets No. 567 an example given was "What is a Baby?" Six years ago my wife gave birth to one. I was existing in a furnished room with wife and two children, who have to be boarded up in that room all day, where we live, sleep and do washing. Since our baby's arrival, I have tramped miles in the hope that I would be allowed to exist under better conditions, only to be turned down as soon as I mention children. So no wonder there is a decline in births when a baby is a "poor man's handicap."—*Allen, Brockley.*

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Jockeys out for Blood

Is Donoghue in Danger?—Humpty Dumpty's Fall—A New Method of Starting—Tetrarch Stayers—Place Dead-heats—Horses to Follow

I DID not go out of my way to discuss Steve Donoghue's "spill" in the Grand Prix at the time it occurred, as I did not think any of the French jockeys would be so unwise as to cause a crash in full view of the crowds in the grand-stand—dirty tactics generally take place in the country—but lately a great deal of nonsense has found its way into the papers in connection with the affair.

French Jockeys are Furious

As a matter of fact, the whole of the jockeys riding in France are so incensed at Steve's version that they are signing a memorial to the racing authorities, praying for the re-opening of the case. They don't like to be accused of foul riding.

Steve Donoghue

A Suppressed Inquiry

The stewards at the meeting found that it was purely accidental, but why has the report of the much more exhaustive inquiry undertaken over the heads of the acting stewards not been published? This finds conclusively that Steve is right, and that wild riding on the part of at least two jockeys caused the spill.

Sensational Sequel Anticipated

As there is doubt about the actual offenders, nothing can be done beyond warning jockeys to keep in future to the strict rule against crossing from the line allotted at the start. Do not be surprised if there is a sensational sequel in the near future. Strange things happen on the French Turf and there are aggrieved persons who will do what they can to make them happen again.

"Tight" Money

Is money really tight? One of the well-known buyers made bids to the extent of over £80,000 at the sale of Sir Edward Hulton's horses, and yet did not make a purchase. In every case somebody else went one higher.

Humpty Dumpty

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall. Stanley Wootton's old warrior was put up for auction recently. As the best bid elicited was twenty-four guineas the gelding did not change hands. This is a bit of a come-down for a horse who, on one occasion, went across to France and endeavoured to give Epinard a few pounds. After his failure his owner, Cottrill, passed him on to Wootton for 800 guineas. Since then he has slipped up in over a dozen selling plates.

A New Starting Stunt

I am always very keen on any new racing inventions, particularly if I think they are likely to assist punters. An up-to-date starting device is being tested in the States, and if it catches on, and is introduced here, it will probably do away with many of the debacles which take place at the gate. Thousands of pounds belonging to punters annually find their way into the pockets of the enemy owing to fancied horses being left at the post in the sprint races. This is not good enough.

Every Horse on the Move

The American starting device consists of webbing attached to a motor-waggon on each side of the course. The waggons come under the starter's orders, and they move forward to the "off" with the field walking up behind the webbing. Once the starting post is reached the starter releases the webbing barrier, and the runners are in full flight. With this method of starting I do not think there is much chance of a horse being caught flat-footed and left.

One of the Best

I have been asked by a keen follower of my notes which horse in training I consider the most improved. Without any hesitation, I say Zambo. The Aga Khan's three-year-old was not considered good enough to contest the Derby, but before Epsom he won a couple of races, and he has annexed another pair since. Of course, his best performance was in the Eclipse, when he just failed in the gallant struggle against Polyphontes. Zambo will win many more races than he loses, and I have earmarked him as the best each-way bet for the Leger.

Tetrarch Horses Can Stay

The old bogy that Tetrarch horses cannot stay is still cropping up. Why, goodness only knows, considering that three of his sons, Caligula, Polemarch, and Salmon Trout have won the St. Leger. Several of my friends fought shy of Sinnatus at Sandown the other day because of the ancient tale. This Tetrarchian won the 1 mile 5½ furlong event with Fox looking round for the rest of the field. I have also recollections of Glass Idol, another son of the spotted wonder-horse, winning the Great Met.—2 miles 2 furlongs. Take this tip: Tetrarch horses are top-notchers over five furlongs. If there is stamina on the side of the dam they can stay any distance.

Ptomaine Poisoning

Punters who pinned their faith to Ptolemy to win our Derby—unfortunately I was one of them—will be interested to know that the Frenchman has at last won a race in his own country. It is just as well as many of his staunchest supporters were beginning to suffer from ptomaine poisoning.

MY DAILY NAPS

Wednesday	**SECRETARY**
Thursday	**ROMANY RYE**
Friday	**HENRY THE SEVENTH**
Saturday	**THISTABEL**

HORSES TO FOLLOW

MERMAID.—My black-lettered selection for the Molyneux Cup failed by a neck to land a 10 to 1 shot. Mermaid is very fast and consistent. She has not been out of the first three this season. Go on backing her.

MOTHER'S SON.—"Billy" Higgs has parted with this unlucky four-year old, and the gelding is now owned by Mr. J. A. de Rothschild. I am of the opinion that Mother's Son's best distance is seven furlongs, and over this course he will pick up a second-class handicap for his new owner.

ZAMBO.—This time last year I gave Salmon Trout as the best each-way bet for the St. Leger. Zambo is the best at the quoted odds—10 to 1—for this year's race.

The Sporting Life
and Sportsman
GIVES PROBABLE STARTERS AND JOCKEYS EACH DAY.

Seven Out of Eleven

Nothing Venture, who made his appearance on a racecourse as Risky Colt, has won seven of his races this season. Evidently F. W. L. who trains the youngster at Newmarket believes in the old motto, Nothing Venture, Nothing Win.

THE PURE-SOULED JOCKEY

The owner, trainer and the vet
All back their fancied geea, and yet
They tell us jockeys never bet!
Bookmaker-owners, don't you fret,
Are out for all that they can get,
But noble jockeys do not bet!
The policeman on the courses net
Good tips from people they have met;
They sport their cash in rain or wet.
Though stewards may run into debt
Through backing, jockeys never bet!
Though human nature's black as jet
There's one unsullied, snow-white jet,
In capitals his fame we set,
THE PURE-SOULED JOCKEY
NOT BET!

Place Dead-Heats

I mentioned last week that in putting out on place dead-heats the bookmaker pocketed half stakes, and paid out fourth the s.p. odds to the other half. This, of course, only happens when two horses tie for third and fourth place, and there are sufficient runners—six or more—to allow for place betting. If your horse dead-heats for first and second, or second and third place, in a field of eight or over, you receive the fourth the odds, and do not lose half stakes.

Five Runners No Place Bets

If there are six or seven runners, and your horse is one of dead-heaters for second and third places, you lose half stakes, and receive one-third the odds on the other half. According to the rules of most layers, if there are only five runners, place bets go on to win, or all stakes are returned, so in this case the point does not arise.

Tom Pinch is a Rogue

If Tom Pinch belonged to me I should endeavour to sell him. Failing that I should hand him over to an executioner. He is a handsome-looking rogue. In the Anniversary Cup at Sandown Park he showed the white feather once again. I saw one well-known backer lay £1,200 to 200 about his chance. He did not seem at all pleased after the race.

At it Again

A couple of stunt merchants from across the Atlantic are now in Europe trying to beat up recruits or "victims" for a race or races in the States this autumn on the lines of those to which Papyrus and Epinard succumbed. France has finished with these fiascos, and the two gentlemen are now on their way to England with the object of trying to secure Manna, Nimbus, or Heverswood. If I know anything of the owners of these famous horses, they will send the stunt merchants about their business.

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given in the following papers:—

Sporting Life and Sportsman, Sporting Chronicle, Sporting Pink, Western Mail, Glasgow News Record, Irish Independent, Sporting Man, Sheffield Mail.

A H K W I G O F M T C Q P

2 Y E J V X 3 U L R S N D

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in the above papers read those above or below them, as the case may be.

L K T L 2 V P would read MERMAID.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from July 29 to August 4.

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NO LIMIT. WIN AND PLACE.
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Daily Lists on all Important Events.
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STARTING PRICE TERMS

You can post on the day of the race if your Letter Commission (registered or ordinary) is Time Post Marked up to the set Time of the Race. You will receive

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First Favourite Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles accepted.
No Restrictions of any kind.

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£1,000 FOR NOTHING.
Send for particulars.

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BEST BICYCLES
on 14 days' approval, packed free and carriage paid. First instalment secures immediate delivery. Satisfaction or money refunded. Thousands of Testimonials. Lowest cash prices quoted. Write for Free Bargain Lists NOW.

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ALL POSTAGE PAID.
EVERY LETTER ANSWERED

1/-, 2/6, 5/-, 10/-, 20/- up to £10 as desirable as larger bets.

CONCESSIONS TO BACKERS.

Favourites for Doubles and Trebles.
Place Doubles and Trebles.
No Restrictions.
Any to Come or Cross Bets.
All Systematic Commissions for 1st Favourites. "Sporting Chronicle" returns will rule the settling.
You are on if Postmarked before Race.

You can receive your winnings on the day of the race, wired to you at my expense by request, if you win over £5.
TARTAN BOOK ON APPLICATIO
All Monies Returned First Post after Result.
Business people can open Credit Accounts without references.
SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNTS
(No References Required).
Prospective Clients unable to give usual reference may forward any amount from £5 to £100 as guarantee. Credit up to double the amount sent will then be granted. This does not apply to clients who already have accounts with me. When sending money as guarantee please state "FOR SPECIAL CREDIT ACCOUNT." Clients sending guarantees must not forward commissions until they receive my official notification that the account is opened.
NO LONDON ADDRESS.
No Representatives Anywhere.

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SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT

Boots, Coat's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Linn, Drapery, Gramophones, Wireless, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Now in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries by Agency invited.

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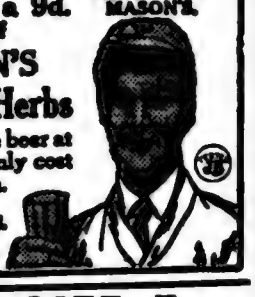
Can be cured by a Simple Home Treatment. Allow no operation on nose or throat before reading the booklet, sent free on application enclosing 1½d. stamp for postage. Consultations daily.
'Phone Regent 4577.
Lt.-Col. KYNASTON,
R.P. (late R.A.M.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.),
Room 2, Langham House, Regent Street, London, W.1.

Buy to-day a 9d. Bottle of
MASON'S Extract of Herbs
and make prime beer at home. It will only cost 6d. per gallon.

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S.



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WORLD'S GREATEST CYCLE BARGAIN.

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Lady's Model same price
Terms 8/- with order, & balance 8/- monthly. Money refunded if at all disappointed.
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Catalogue Post Free.

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TENNIS MAKE YOU STIFF
or do you use ?
ELLIMAN'S
EMBROCATION
TWO SIZES 2/- & 4/-

WHEN FEET ACHE, BURN, SWELL, OR PERSPIRE

MEDICATED AND OXYGENATED WATER
PRODUCED BY
REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

THIS IS ALL YOU NEED.

Dissolve a heaping tablespoonful of refined **Reudel Bath Saltrates** in a gallon of water. This will make a highly *medicated* and *oxygenated* foot-bath, reproducing the soothing, healing and antiseptic qualities of the waters of famous Continental Spas. **Reudel Bath Saltrates,** in convenient sizes, can be obtained from all chemists. Prices 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound

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Now is your opportunity to select from our beautifully illustrated catalogue a "JUNO" Cycle to suit your requirements. All you pay is **5/- down** for whichever model you choose, and after you have received the machine and it is entirely satisfactory you pay the **Balance by Easy Monthly Payments to suit your pocket.** Every machine is **Guaranteed for Ever** and **Made in our own Factory** from **All-British** parts.

You have it on **14 days' Free Approval** and your money is refunded if not satisfied. Our 47 years' reputation is behind every bicycle we make. Every machine is Carriage Paid and Packed Free. **Write for Free Art Lists.**

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John Bull Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service has become a national institution. Thousands of readers have sought counsel from it and have been thankful afterwards.

Whatever your difficulty may be, the receipt of particulars, with stamped addressed envelope, will be followed by clear instruction as to the best course to pursue, given by an experienced staff of experts.

EMILY (Kingston).—"My young man is a policeman." You are one of the few who appreciate the strong arm of the law.

A. D. P. (Brighton).—"This place has gone down a lot since I came here five years ago." What a pity you ever went there!

B. G. (Redhill).—"I am going to play *Othello* with our amateur dramatic club." It'll be a black lookout for the audience.

S. T. (Wantham).—"My wife thinks I'm very good at house-decorating." Many wives consider their husbands merely as ornaments.

MRS. G.-C. (Lewisham).—"As an old woman, I dislike girls of the modern type." Perhaps it's a type you can't read very clearly.

R. S. (Brighton).—"When I am dead perhaps my friends will realise all I have done." Don't worry, you'll be well out of harm's way.

P. S. (Liphook).—"Is a knowledge of arithmetic essential in the police force?" Well, you must know something about your division.

K. R. (Windsor).—"I was looking at my pretty companion, the punt pole broke, and in the river I went." In short, you fell for her.

"MOTHER" (Gateshead).—"My little boy yells at having to wear stockings in hot weather." We presume you then proceed to give him socks.

ALICE W. (Thornbury).—"I war a dressmaker for ten years in a London slum." We trust you are richer for having known the seamy side of life.

J. P. (Deal).—"Without my leave, my boy went out with the fishermen in their boat." And when he came back you gave him a smack all to himself.

F. K. G. (Dulwich).—"I have an idea that our infant son will be an M.P. when he grows up." What, has he been treating you to all-night sittings already?

T. L. (Gt. Yarmouth).—"I called the fellow a hound and he's been following me about and threatening me ever since." Naturally he's been dogging your steps.

MRS. D. (Liverpool).—"After being at outs with my husband for five years I intend to bury the hatchet." But for heaven's sake don't bury it in the poor blighter.

R. B. (Tulse Hill).—"No one should be allowed, much less authorised, to sell strong drink." So you would rob the publican not only of his licence but of his liberty as well.

"LITTLE JANE" (Lechlade).—"I am equally fond of two young men, and should like to marry them both." Seems to us, Little Jane, that your name should be Big Amy.

G. J. S. (Staines).—"Motoring opens the eyes of the novice." One very new driver says it is curious to see the number of people who rush at his car and try to commit suicide.

H. P. L. (Fulham).—"My mother-in-law, who lives with us, prides herself on being a clever arithmetician." Expect she has already taught you something about the rule of three.

"SPECIALIST" (W. 1).—"Even the loss of 3 lb. after one free dose hasn't persuaded her to go on with the treatment." When she's lost a stone or two it should be easier to get round her.

F. B. R. (Marylebone).—"Shall I hold on to my post or go to Canada?" Hold on to the post or you'll be up the pole.

G. J. (Colwich).—"Some of your articles are very far-fetched!" In some cases from contributors hundreds of miles away.

NED (Birmingham).—"I used to be a 'bus conductor, but now I'm a driver." You seem to have made your way to the front.

"WILLOW" (Nunhead).—"Bad weather plays havoc with cricket finances." And good weather often plays ducks and breaks.

A. B. D. (Clapham).—"The members of our tennis club are a quarrelsome lot." "Love all" doesn't seem to occur in your set.

D. F. (Gunnersbury).—"I sometimes suffer from a slight buzzing in the head." Don't worry—we doubt if there's anything in it.

S. V. (Glasgow).—"I am afraid the police will catch my small son breaking windows with his catapult. What shall I do?" Hide him.

"GROCER" (S.E.7).—"I prefer my one-man business to being bothered by employees." You prefer, in fact, to take the line of least assistants.

MRS. J. (Ingleby).—"My boy has learned good manners through reading 'Peter Pan.'" Then he should be the boy who never grew up-ish.

MURIEL B. (Andover).—"My elder sister gave me a long lecture on the superior beauty of unshingled hair." Didn't you tell her to cut it short?

"BATON" (Soho).—"A conductor gets blamed for the mistakes of the orchestra." That, however, doesn't make him afraid to face the music.

J. L. B. (Elgin).—"A neighbour punched his nose because he swore so loudly." He can now claim that he was injured during blasting operations.

FRED Y. (Southampton).—"I have been appointed sexton partly because of my good looks." So you are on the verge of becoming a becoming verger.

ADA L. (Wanstead).—"My husband doesn't mind shopping for me, but he hates doing his own." Yours, we suspect, provided a pleasant counter-attraction.

MISS L. (Hornsey).—"My fiancé is only a lift boy and he is impatient for marriage." He evidently feels he has had plenty of experience in bringing up families.

A Song of Threepence

Sing a song of threepence:
The Summer *Passing Show*
Yields amazing value—
Ev'ryone should know.

Fine full-colour cover,
With a seaside theme,
"Mermaid?" is the title—
It's a perfect scream!

When the paper's opened
There's a treat in store.
Such a feast of humour
Ne'er was had before.

Sixty sparkling pages,
Crammed with gems of wit!
And for threepence only
You can purchase it!

H. T. R. (Birmingham).—"He continually complains that his house is damp." He'll dry up when the house does.

P. L. T. (S.E.).—"Is it wrong to applaud in the middle of a song?" Very wrong. It encourages the singer to go on.

S. S. (Crouch End).—"My wife doesn't understand me. Does yours?" We feel certain she has never heard of you.

B. W. (Mitcham).—"I have retired from City life and devote my time to the flower-graden." Watering stocks?

G. N. (Hayes).—"A person who gossips is generally lazy." But there's nothing more energetic than an idle rumour.

MRS. N. (Swansea).—"How can I make myself sure the dentist is painless?" Give his fingers a nip and see if he yells.

JESSIE L. (Newhaven).—"I often wonder why all ships are called she." It's because their rigging costs such a lot.

B. P. (Rufford).—"You wait till I put my thinking cap on." At present we notice you belong to the no-hat brigade.

J. B. (Stowe).—"Punishment should fit the crime." Quite so. People who are cruel to animals should be given the cat.

MISS E. (Torquay).—"Certain tunes carry me completely away." When you call inform our doorkeeper which they are.

MISS S. (Ingleton).—"He gives me a book every time my birthday comes round." What an extensive library you must have.

CONNIE (Colchester).—"My mother calls your paper everything." It has good manners. She won't find it answering back.

D. N. T. (Nottingham).—"Our clock stops frequently, yet we can find nothing radically wrong with it." Expect it's just run down.

B. T. (York).—"The doctor has forbidden me to do brain work." He must be gratified by your strict obedience to orders.

RALPH E. (W.C. 2).—"It pays theatre-managers to make bold experiments." So immediately enterprise enters . . . enter prize.

N. L. (Norwich).—"Fishing's not in my line." Never mind, the right line will land you one of the *Bullets* Big Fish this week.

CELIA W. (Henlow).—"Mother can't explain why daddy's so quiet." Possibly what's the matter with pater is the patter of mater.

R. L. (Crewe).—"Women are not so superstitious as they were." Nevertheless, most of them regard ladders in their stockings as unlucky.

R. N. (Gravesend).—"It's ships that keep the world moving." And when you're on one you feel it's they that makes the world go round.

TRUE BLUE (Sevenoaks).—"Agitators who rant about 'equality' deserve to be beaten." But their idea is that everyone should have his whack.

IRATE (Acton).—"My neighbour's cat scratches up my garden. Shall I warn him or shoot it on the spot?" Are you sure you can hit the spot?

H. H. (Kingston).—"As he had knocked a policeman off his feet the magistrate took a severe view of the case." It never pays to lay down the law.

E. W. C. (Holyhead).—"A big exhibition is bound to have its ups and downs." Certainly. Wembley would be nothing without the switchbacks.

P. H. (Carham).—"Children are often punished unnecessarily by both parents for one offence." There's certainly a good deal of overlapping.

C. P. G. (Croydon).—"Although poor now, I've had hundreds and thousands in my time." When we were young we also often bought a hap'orth of them.

SYLVIA R. (Mistley).—"The glory of the country is peace and quiet." Baa! Moo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Quack-quack! Bow-bow! Chrrrp-chrrrp! Honk! honk!

NORA F. (Gosport).—"My fiancé says that no other girl has ever appealed to him as much as I do." He must find you an expensive luxury if he stumps up every time.

V. P. (Liverpool).—"It seems dreadful to make one's living by burying one's fellow-creatures." Perhaps, but funeral furnishers can hardly be expected to convert their businesses into free undertakings.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

What are you Suffering from?

Marvellous Treatment Sent FREE!

No Benefit—No Pay.

Readers of JOHN BULL should take advantage without delay of our liberal offer to send a month's supply of the Natural Vitaliser, "Vitæ-Ore," for free trial. Thousands have already experienced its marvellous effects—the new vital energy which it gives, its power of renewing the health and vigour of all.

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Vitæ-Ore has attracted attention by the way that it has given new life and virility to thousands of languid, anxious and exhausted men. It has restored grace and healthy charm to thousands of tired, weary, careworn women, and to girls whose development to womanly life has been delayed. The vital forces are powerfully and noticeably increased by Vitæ-Ore. What is the result? In the office, the factory, at social gatherings, at work, and in hours of leisure people are telling each other how much Vitæ-Ore has done for them that no ordinary medicine could do.

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Highest Medical Approval.

The "Lancet," the most important medical journal in the world, which would never give the authority of its world-famous columns to anything without the best scientific basis, published this statement:—

"*The clinical results obtained were satisfactory.*"

Vitæ-Ore is perfectly harmless and free from the slightest ill-effects. Fill up the coupon at once. Do not delay. Receive the benefit NOW.

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Dissolved in water Vitæ-Ore not only gives new health and tonic effect through its vitalising power, but has directly beneficial action upon many stubborn diseases, and has produced numberless cures in cases of

Nervous Weakness
Debility
Dyspepsia
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Neuritis
Anæmia
Rheumatism and all "run-down" conditions resulting from Stomach, Liver, and Kidney Weakness.

It is a powerful nerve and spinal tonic. The headaches, pains in the back, and special weaknesses of women vanish when it is used. A man who, without having any special disease, suffers from general lack of energy, want of manly vigour and ambition, who is easily fatigued and does not feel the aggressive strength of manhood, will derive new life from Vitæ-Ore—not by any sudden stimulation, but by a powerful tonic action which permanently benefits. Vitæ-Ore has made new men of thousands. You have a free and fair opportunity to try it for a whole month and see whether it will do the same for you. Fill up the coupon NOW.

It WILL Do You Good.

Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vitæ-Ore.

You are asked to use Vitæ-Ore for a month and watch the result. You are to be the judge of the benefit. If the result is satisfactory—if Vitæ-Ore does you good—you pay 4s. 6d. for the whole month's supply. If you are not benefited, simply write and say so, and we ask nothing at all. It is a fair "no benefit—no pay" offer.

But Vitæ-Ore will do you good. It will strengthen and tone up your nerves and your whole system. Your digestion will be better, your eyes brighter, your skin and complexion clearer and younger-looking.

Do not delay. Take advantage of the offer at once. Fill in the coupon or copy it and post it to Theo. Noel Co., Ltd. (Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.

FILL IN OR COPY THIS COUPON FOR FREE TRIAL OF ONE MONTH'S SUPPLY.

To the THEO. NOEL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. 19), 29, Ludgate Hill,
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Dear Sirs,—

Please send me a month's supply of "Vitæ-Ore," with full directions and free book of particulars.

I will use it according to the "Directions," and promise to report results in 30 days.

If it does me good I will send you 4s. 6d. in payment for the month's course of treatment. If not, I will write and say so, and in that case YOU ARE TO CHARGE ME NOTHING.

Name .....

Address .....

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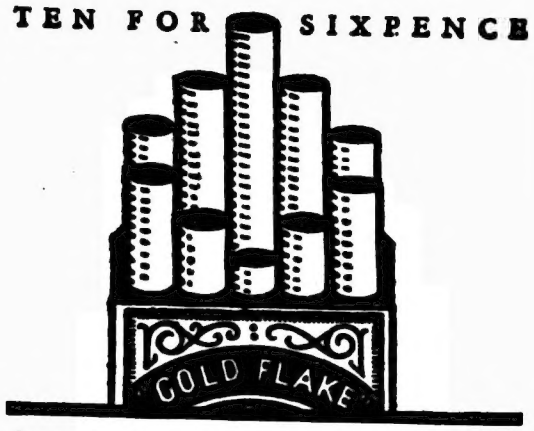

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To Stop Eczema

The Germolene treatment is simple and sure. Healing commences immediately. If you suffer from Rash, Eruption, Eczema, or any painful or disfiguring skin trouble, it is your duty to yourself to try it.

MRS. ELSIE WOODWARD.

Mrs. Elsie Woodward, 10, Yew Tree Road, Wormholt Park, London, writes as follows:—"I feel I must tell you how grateful I am for your Germolene. For two years I suffered from weeping eczema in my hands. The pain and irritation were terrible, and the complaint persisted. However, I decided to try Germolene, and my hands immediately commenced to improve. Before I had used half a tin my hands were nearly well, and the relief from the pain I have endured is so great that you can imagine my gratitude."

Use Germolene for **Eczema, Rashes, Ulcers, Piles, Itching, Cuts and Burns, Skin Eruptions, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, and all Itching or Ulcerated Surfaces.**

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

AWARDED GOLD MEDALS AT FOUR LEADING INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HOME PRICES: **1/3** *and* **3/-** *Of all Chemists throughout the Empire.*

Germolene

The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Do Your Legs Ache?

Do you experience that burning, throbbing sensation in the legs when walking or standing?

That is the beginning of Varicose Veins and may lead to serious trouble if neglected; becoming a menace to health besides debarring you from taking part in sports, etc.

Be wise in time, get cured of this health-wrecking trouble while a cure is easy.

Varicose Veins are the determining cause behind most cases of debility, languor and poor general health. We are daily curing, by means of Elasto Tablets, long-standing and so called "hopeless" cases of Varicose Veins, Varicocele, Piles, Hardened Glands, Varicose Ulcers, etc., all of which are caused by the lack of certain ingredients in the blood.

An Entirely New Treatment

Elasto marks a definite departure from all previously known methods of treating varicose and relaxed conditions; it offers a cure definite and certain, where previously temporary alleviation was the most that could be hoped for.

What is Elasto?

Elasto represents the very latest development in curative science. It eliminates drug taking, the knife, bandaging and all such crude methods that tinker with symptoms but can never reach the cause of the trouble, namely a deficiency in the blood.

Elasto works with nature. When dissolved upon the tongue it is immediately assimilated, passing directly into the blood, making good the deficiency, restoring physiological function and thus enabling nature to effect a cure in her own way.

Elasto is prepared in tiny tablet form; it is tasteless and harmless; and because it is based on sound scientific principle it cannot fail to be effective.

No Cure—No Pay Terms

We have so much confidence in Elasto Tablet that we are supplying a course of treatment on No cure—No pay terms. There are no impossible conditions. Our offer is straightforward and definite—No Cure—No pay, nothing more, nothing less, so write at once for particulars and **free sample**, or send 5/- for a full month's treatment and commence your cure without delay, to **The New Era Treatment Co., 151, Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London.**

N.B.—Standing is recognised as one of the principal causes of Varicose veins and kindred troubles. If your work entails much standing you should take Elasto occasionally as a protective measure.

BUY BRITISH.

Every article we sell is guaranteed BRITISH MADE throughout, and sent CARRIAGE PAID on receipt of remittance. Money is instantly refunded if goods are returned AT OUR EXPENSE within seven days, even if you have **washed** and **used** them **in the meantime.**

BLEACHED SHEETS.
Plain or Twill.

2 × 2½ yds., 9/6, 12/6 and 15/6 pair
2 × 3 „ 11/3, 15/- and 18/- „
2½ × 2½ „ 11/6, 15/6 and 18/6 „
2½ × 3 „ 14/-, 18/11 and 23/6 „
All sound, strong qualities.

TWILL UNBLEACHED SHEETS.
60 in. × 80 in. .. 7/6 pair
70 in. × 90 in. .. 9/11 „
80 in. × 100 in. .. 12/11 „
One quality only—the best.
They wear like leather.

A very dainty, self-coloured
TEA CLOTH.
In Blue, Rose, or Gold, with scalloped edges.
32 in. × 32 in. .. 2/- each
36 in. × 36 in. .. 2/3 „

Serviettes to match.
9 in. × 9 in. .. 2/6 half-doz.
12 in. × 12 in. 3/3 „

Duchess Sets to match.
22 in. × 45 in. 2/6 per set (4 pieces)

DAMASK TABLECLOTHS.
A beautiful mercerised cloth, gives wonderful wear, and will retain its look of quality to the end.
45 in. × 45 in. .. 3/6 each
50 in. × 50 in. .. 3/11 „
56 in. × 70 in. .. 6/9 „
64 in. × 82 in. .. 8/11 „
70 in. × 70 in. .. 8/6 „
70 in. × 88 in. .. 10/6 „

Serviettes.
20 in. × 20 in. .. 4/3 half-dozen
22 in. × 22 in. .. 5/- „

REMEMBER!! It is only because all our goods are British made that we dare offer our WASH and USE guarantee.

Write for complete list to:—
THE V. L. Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.B.),
9, South Parade, Leamington, Manchester.

The SPECIALISTS in **HEAVY DRAPERY.**

A THOUSAND CALLING

Reasons Why the Poor Help the Poor

ON the day when we celebrate our thousandth issue a thousand voices are calling to us for relief from pitiable want and misery.

Out of the depths of the underworld of poverty, where destitution, disease and death hourly stalk their way, cries for help reach us unceasingly.

There are many organisations which profess to alleviate distress among the poor, but their combined efforts leave untouched numerous innocent victims.

Since the establishment of "The Greatest of These—" Fund, we have made it our constant endeavour to afford assistance in cases which do not come within the scope of other charities.

WE have been greatly helped in this labour of love, and it is worth noting that we have received most assistance from those who have at some time experienced extreme poverty themselves. For instance, here is a letter received last week:

"Enclosed you will find P.O. for 5s., to help those less fortunate than myself. I should like to have made it more, but you will understand when I tell you that my husband is not often at work. He is a casual dock labourer, and sometimes he goes for weeks without earning a penny. I help in the home by going out charing and taking in washing. I wish you every success and all the happiness which you have given to thousands."

That letter came straight from the heart of a woman who had experienced poverty. It has touched ours, and we hope it will touch yours.

The contribution this woman so generously sent us has gone, with others, to relieve the anxiety of an out-of-work lighterman with a wife and six children, living in a single room and expecting each day to be turned into the street for non-payment of rent.

THE poor who know the sufferings of their fellow-workers can always be relied upon to show practical sympathy. But why should it be left almost entirely to the poor to help the poor?

You who are in comfortable circumstances, who have derived pleasure for a thousand weeks from these pages, will you not show your gratitude for your freedom from anxiety by sending us a substantial contribution to "The Greatest of These—" Fund, so that we may answer the thousand voices calling?

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A. K., 10s.; Hal's Lucky Ninth, 1s.; "C.-on-M. 79," 31d.; E. Purkiss, 1s. 1d.; "Z.," 1s.; J. A. M., 9d.; Miner's Wife, 7d.; L. Sherran, 2s. 6d.; Anon., 2s.; D. V. Haynes, parcel; D. E. P. (Dorset), parcel; H. Pellett, parcel; Drag, 6s.; H. A., 5s.; Mrs. T. Gibson, 2s.; S. P. Radford, 1s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; Mrs. K. Hunt, 1s. 1½d.; Mrs. E. (Liphook), 1s.; J. N. S. M., 6d.; W. King, 1s.; E. H., 2s. 6d.; J. Evans, 1s.; Mrs. E. Rayner, 2s. 6d.; Sailor, 2s. 3d.; Bellringer, 6s. 3d.; Miner's Wife, 1s.; T. Griffiths, 1s.; One-fifth of Prize, 1s.; Emma Gate, 5s.; "In Loving Memory of Rena Bonnie," 5s.; L. T. ED., 2s. 6d.; H. B., 6d.; H. Bradshaw, 2s. 6d.; Melton Mowbray, 2s. 6d.; E. N., 10s.; Ealing," 10s.; Kia-Ora, 10s.; Fifi, 3d.; E. Purkiss, 1s.; Some Ninths, 1s. 6d.; Every Little Helps, 2s. 6d.; Still Trusting for Luck, 6d.; F. L. T. (Norwich), 1s. 6d.; H. E. M., 1s.; R. (B.C.), 50 cents.; J. N. S., 3d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made up of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with the competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

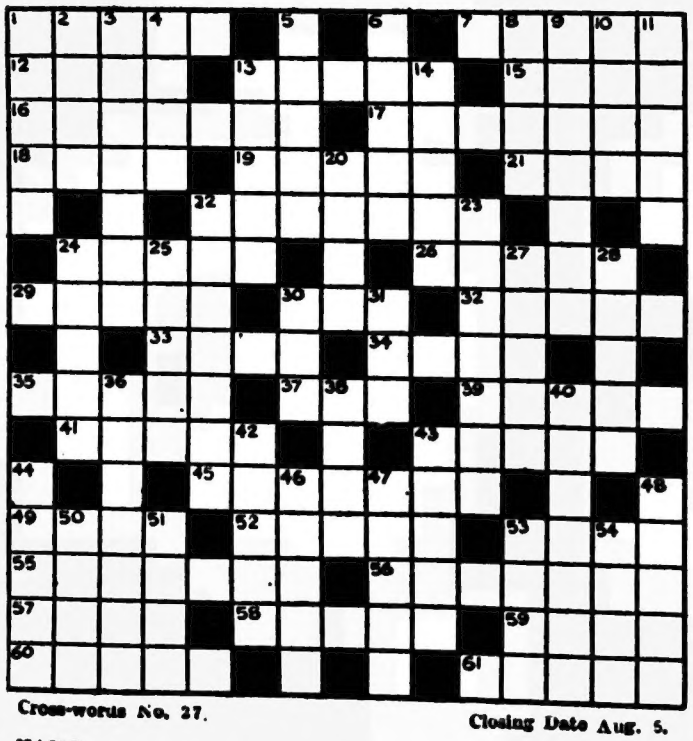
Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

No Long Words Here

Solution of Cross-words No. 25, which appeared in our issue of July 18th. The prizes have been despatched, and a list of prize-winners may be seen at this office.

Our Cross-word Corner — *500 Prizes!*

A Black-and-White Livener



Cross-words No. 27. Closing Date Aug. 5.

IF you do not wish to engage in a fascinating pastime—one which will give to your imagination just that amount of exercise that will prevent your brain from becoming dull and listless—do not look at this black-and-white square.

There will be hundreds who will do so, but they are individuals who find no amusement in a game that is merely mechanical and calls for no individual ingenuity.

Whilst some ingenuity is called for in solving this Cross-word Puzzle, it can be accomplished by anyone with a reasonable amount of common sense. As none but words that are known to ordinary people are used, there is no need for recourse to dictionaries or works of reference.

Five Hundred Prizes are offered for the first five hundred successful solutions examined, and, that all may have a fair chance, none will be opened until after the closing date, August 5.

CLUES

ACROSS.

1. Crawled.
7. Quick.
12. Loud noise.
13. Near by.
15. District.
16. Changed.
17. Aloof.
18. Strip off skin.
19. Tranquillity.
21. Transaction.
22. Esteem.
24. Blurred.
26. To turn.
29. A reverie.
30. Chopper.
32. Devil.
33. Firm hold.
34. Prevalent.
35. Carved in relief.
37. Raised sand.
39. Lands.
41. Asiatics.
43. To scoff.
45. Surfeit.
49. Invade.
52. Pertaining to the moon.
53. An opportunity.
55. Repeated performance.
56. Valleys.
57. Break.
58. Smoke blacked.
59. Decoy.
60. Fish.
61. Watery snow.

DOWN.

1. Calling.
2. Small loaf.
3. Edible.
4. Victimise.
5. Fashions.
6. Rhythmic movement.
8. Floor coverings.
9. Place in order.
10. Genuine.
11. Stories.
13. Outcast.
14. Blood-sucking worm.
20. Highest point.
22. Artillerymen's equipment.
23. Silk-like gauze.
24. Sever.
25. Earnest.
27. Relation.
28. Go in.
30. Liable.
31. Before.
36. Melodious.
38. Emerald Isle.
40. Suite.
42. Transactions.
43. Wander.
44. Clothes.
46. Pertaining to the [illegible] century.
47. Worldly element.
48. Surround.
50. In the [illegible] of.
51. Popular name for drugs, etc.
53. Money-drawer.
54. Unalloyed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Fill in the Puzzle squares, write your name and address in the space provided, cut out the whole, and post to Cross-word No. 27, P.O. Box 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Cross-word solutions must not be enclosed with "Bullets" competition.

Another Brilliant Cross-word Puzzle in "The People" on Sunday

BRITISH MUSEUM 3 SEP 25

1,000 "Bullets" Holiday Prizes!!

5	20	25	50	300	600
Holiday Prizes of £20 each	Holiday Prizes of £10 each	Holiday Prizes of £5 each	Week-End Prizes of £2 2 0 each	Holiday Fares of £1 1 0 each	EXCURSION PRIZES of 10/6 each and 6,000 'Target' Prizes

ESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 568.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
Mr. HENRY OWEN,
165a, Lower Briggate, Leeds.
mple:—THE SEA
t:—"DRAWS," THEN "COLOURS"

ECOND PRIZE OF £100:
. GAUNT, 22, Wales Road, Kivelon Park,
effield.
mple: WHAT IS A TAX-PAYER?
t:—"MAN IN POSSESSION"—TEMPORARILY.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
. A. BELL, 34, Dyfed Avenue, Town Hill,
ranmer.
mple:—HUMBLE PIE
t:—SHOULDN'T BE PENSION'S PRICE.

OURTH PRIZE OF £25:
E. HOLYOAKE, 169, Kimberley Road, Leicester.
mple:—VANITY
t:—"STRUTS" THAT SHOW WEAKNESS.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
cKAY, 1, Avenue Crescent, Park Street, Hull.
mple: BABY NEXT DOOR
t: "CONTRACTS" EVERYTHING—EXCEPT
NOW.

10 Prizes of £5 each:
. 50, St. Vincent Road, Southsea.
WS EVERYTHING—BACKWARDS—PROBABLY
XPLAINS REVERSES.
. CROSTER, 21, Annalee Street, Belfast.
REFERENCE—FREE FROM FINGER MARKS.
. HENDERSON, 2, Gibbons Terrace, Newtown,
sle.
ER AHEAD—"FOG" THICKENING—LEADERS
HAVE"
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
ANN, c/o Old National Schools, Mitcham.
DDY LOVER—FLAPPER "STUFFS," LANDLADY
SKIN.
NORTH, 8, Gwendoline Place, Splott, Cardiff.
T TIME—*Pawnbrokers* SUPPLYING VICTORY
DAYS.
D. PEARSON, 34, Stanley Street, Accrington,
nes.
ER AHEAD—IF MINERS *Drop* TOOLS.
RIDLEY, 32, Plumstead Road, Norwich.
DDY LOVER—"I" EVERYTHING, EXCEPT
WILL."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
SILK, 29, Bevington Road, Aston, Birmingham.
AT THE MILLIONAIRE SAID—TICKLED THE
THER QUARTERMASTER.
TIMPE, 29, Surtees Street, Darlington.
TH THE MONEY—HE LOST—GAMBLER'S
FRIENDS."
WELL, 61, Bicuheim Crescent, London, W.
OUR BEGINNER'S FINGER ON TYPEWRITER.

Prizes of £2 10s. each:
B. BATES, 17, Greenbank Road, Sefton Park,
verpool.
THE ROAD—POCKET TELEPHONES CALLING
AEROPLANES.
BEVERLEY, 17, New Cartergate, Grimsby.
Y NEXT DOOR—EVIDENTLY TAUGHT WHISPER-
G'S ROPE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
RPLE, 84, Blackstone Street, Nottingham.
Y NEXT DOOR—HANDFUL, SOUNDING LIKE
HOUSEFUL.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
S, 1, De-la-Beche Terrace, Morriston, Swansea.
EN A MOTHER—OVERWORKED—DAUGHTER
GGLES SERVANT.
DONNY, 10, Madras Street, Inverness.
T REFERENCE—APPLICANT WAS PERSPIRING
AVY.

...continued in next column,

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 571.

INDUSTRIAL PEACE
WHAT WE'RE AFTER
MIXED BATHING
THE EMPIRE'S FUTURE
COAL
NUMBER ONE
RAIN OR SHINE
WITHOUT MOTHER
BEAUTIFUL
NEVER FORGIVEN
ON THE SANDS
EVERLASTING
WITH REGRET
EVERY HUSBAND KNOWS
SEASIDE DONKEY
AWAY FROM SCHOOL
WELCOME VISITOR
THE OLD COUNTRY
HER SECRET
WITH A KISS
WHEN SHORT
IF HE'S WISE
MAN IN POSSESSION
AFTER A BIT
SIDE BY SIDE
WHAT THE BOARDER SAID
JOYFULLY
HOLIDAY FUN
NOT FOR ME
IF MONEY WERE ABOLISHED
IN RESERVE
THE NEXT GENERATION
EXPENSIVE
WISE COUPLE
TO HER CREDIT
FOR BABY'S SAKE
AS A RULE
WHAT SHE LOVES
IF SOCIALISM CAME
WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

MRS. M. OVER, 4, Hazeldene Road, Weston-super-Mare.
DANGER AHEAD — "SCORCHING" PAST "NATURE'S SIGNPOSTS."
W. LOXLEY, 32, Avenue Road, Frome, Somerset.
MADNESS—INDUSTRY—BOTH SIDES BLUFFING.
J. E. STRATLEY, 32, Silverdale Road, Woodbey, Bebington.
THE SEA—ON DECK—PASSENGERS AREN'T.
A. STAINLAND, 11, Wolsey St., Heywood, Lancs.
GETTING OLD — SIGHT WEAKER — INSIGHT STRONGER.
A. N. STUART, Overseas Club, Park Place, London, S.W.
THE BOSS'S JOKE—TICKLED JOCK—TWICE.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

100 Prize-winners of £1:
R. Allan, Jnr., 22, Kirton Park Terr., North Shields; Miss R. Anderson, 3, Chapel Row, Barrington, Bedlington, North'ld; G. T. Anderson, 11 Mowbray Rd., South Shields; F. Baker, 19, Western Rd., Bexhill; W. F. Barker, 100, Norborough Rd., Tinsley, Sheffield; E. M. Belchamber, 254, Lowfield St., Dartford; A. G. Bicknell, 30, Wimpole Rd., Colchester; A. Binfield, 190, Dover Rd., Folkestone; P. W. Booth, 9, Aldwych St., S. Shields; J. Bowman, 15, West Terrace, Kirkby Rd., Ripon; E. Boys, 57, Horsemarket, Northampton; W. Brady, 10, Etruria St., C-on-M, M.c.; continued on page 8.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any **Two, Three** or **Four Words**, having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—BRITISH GOODS *Bullet*:—LET'S ALL "CARRY SAMPLES."
Example:—DARBY AND JOAN *Bullet*:—FRAIL COUPLE—STOUT COUPLING.
Example:—HOMES FOR HEROES *Bullet*:—"ERECT" BEFORE HEROES "BENT!"

SEND POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

Address Coupons to:—
"Bullets" No. 571,
"John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

PLEASE POST EARLY IF YOU CAN

You can help us by posting early, but all "Bullets" entered in time receive the same careful adjudication.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday August 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing Date, Thursday, August 13.
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(571) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 567 can now be seen in the window of Mr. R. UTTERSTON, Post Office, 88, Coatsworth Road, Gateshead.

He must learn to take risks

Ask Mother the Health Doctor to send you her book—"Health Beauty"

Printed on art paper, charmingly illustrated and handsomely bound, "Health Beauty" is a book that every mother should possess. It is full of sound every-day health advice.

How to get the Health Beauty Book

Send three penny stamps and a Lifebuoy wrapper or the end of a Lifebuoy carton to The Health Doctor, 209 Lever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in a carton

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

SOME mothers would call him down, would sternly forbid such dangerous games in future. And who can blame them?

But remember that the time will come when he must go out into the world—to a boarding school, perhaps, or to an office. How will he fare then, if he has never been allowed to take risks or to face emergencies?

And are you so sure that he will be safer, even on level ground? Think of the dust and the dirt, of the strangers he rubs elbows with, any one of whom may be a germ-carrier. These are the worst dangers of all, because they are invisible.

Keep him clean

"Keep him clean—cleanliness before everything." Make that your motto.

You cannot put all dangers out of reach, but you can ensure that his healthy body affords no resting place for the germs of disease.

For this good purpose make Lifebuoy your ally. Where there is dirt there are germs, but where, instead of dirt, there is Lifebuoy Soap, no germ can live.

Deep into the pores

The wonderful health element of Lifebuoy Soap penetrates deep into the pores of the skin, driving out all impurities. Make your little son wash with it two or three times a day. Bathe his battered knees with it

You have noticed the clean, invigorating smell of Lifebuoy. That is your "All clear" signal. The odour vanishes, but the protection remains.

There should be a cake of Lifebuoy at every place in your house where hands are washed. It should be used by everybody—young and old—for home cleaning, too.

Buy it in the *new pack*, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

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